

NEW YORK'S
LESBIAN
AND GAY
NEWS
MAGAZINE

OUT WEEK

REVELRY AND RIOT: Tales From the Big Weekend

CALIFIA IN THE RAW
By Sarah Pettit

JEFFREY ESSMANN ON
THE HERITAGE OF HOPKINS

THE TRIALS OF COMPOUND Q

SUSIE DAY ON KOCH, FOLEY, AND THE IOWA DISASTER

PLUS—Allis on Batman
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NEWS • SEXUAL POLITICS • HEALTH • THE ARTS

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July 10, 1989

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ON THE COVER:

Revelers attack a car that allegedly rammed demonstrators during the Radical Faerie Stonewall re-enactment. Story, page 8. Photo: Ben Thornberry

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Bruce Hopkins: Six Characters in Search of a Bloody Mary

Jeffrey Essmann visits *Our Lady of the Harbor Bar and Grill* page 38

Pat Califia

Sarah Pettit dishes the real deal with the lesbian S&M queen page 40

Outspoken

Pride & Protest



he drums of the Big Apple Corps echoed across the Great Lawn in Central Park last weekend as the 20th Annual Lesbian and Gay Pride Rally began. Soon their rhythms began to clash with a different beat, faint at first and then louder, the sound of hundreds of AIDS activists chanting as they entered the meadow with signs, flags and the paraphernalia of protest. The two conflicting rhythms coexisted uneasily for a few moments. Then the band stopped playing and the activists briefly took the field. But after a few more moments the chanting subsided, the rally absorbed its new members, the band began playing again, and the afternoon continued as before.

Thus it was all over the city last week, as the proponents of celebration collided with the proponents of protest, only to find that there was room in the weekend's events for both ideas and both visions to coexist.

The main event of the weekend, staged with professionalism, skill and joy by Heritage of Pride, was an extraordinary reminder to lesbians and gays, our friends, and indeed our enemies, of what a vast and established movement we have become. From the once undreamt of renaming of Stonewall Place, to the U.S. Postal Service's gay stamp cancellation, to the tumultuous and moving marches up Sixth Avenue on Saturday and down Fifth Avenue on Sunday, to the exploding fireworks over the Hudson River, we showed New York and ourselves that we are indeed proud and out and never going back.

Several years ago, when the dimensions of the AIDS epidemic became apparent, many predicted the death of our movement. They said that AIDS would put us all back in the closet, that a new generation would mature equating gay with death, never knowing the freedom and openness of the 70s.

Instead, our movement has triumphed in unexpected ways. Major new organizations like ACT UP and GLAAD have given new dimensions to empowerment and activism. Groups like GMHC and the People with AIDS Coalition have demonstrated our loving and caring ways. Thousands of smaller, local groups proclaim by their presence that we're out for good, and we're never going back, no matter what.

None of this mitigates the need for protest. Our movement began with a riot, and the criminal neglect and ineptitude of society's response to our issues warrants, indeed demands, that we continue on a course of defiance. Such a course must include politicians like Mayor Koch, who has alternately neglected our community and used it as a source of political opportunism. His presence in Sunday's parade was Heritage of Pride's only unwelcome addition to the weekend.

But along with defiance, celebration, too, is fundamental, a balm to the spirit, a ritual that heals and helps create. Those at HOP who organized the successes of Pride week, and who were often maligned, deserve our praise instead. Their movement, in its own way, is as important and empowering as any in our proud and tumultuous community.

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Letters To The Editor

To the Editor:

At last, a zephyr of fresh air blowing through the bleak landscape of gay journalism! Welcome to New York, *OutWeek*! Your feisty spirit is as vibrant as a Tomkins Square riot.

Especially, I dig your hip attitude that transcends the drudgery of "political correctness." As a budding activist and bar denizen, I find you chronicle both of my worlds wonderfully.

A bit of constructive criticism: Wield the editor's pen a bit more harshly on some of those rambling politico columnists and you'll mitigate the occasional density. Otherwise, march proudly into the 90s.

Geoff S. Paul
Manhattan

To the Editor:

We should riot again soon. But this time let's scrutinize our motives before picking gay targets.

For instance, I wonder why we chose to lavish so much time and anger on the patrons of Ty's, a Christopher Street gay bar, when there were so many bigger and scarier fish to fry. It was hardly transgressive—we've always had the privilege of yelling among ourselves. Worse, the confrontation seemed infused with homophobia. Think of what we were shouting: "shame", a word constantly deployed against us. We are always encouraged to feel shame and thereby take part in our own persecution. We should be incredibly cautious about turning it against ourselves.

As for gay apathy: it's a problem, but straight apathy is immeasurably worse. Hopefully next time we'll have the courage to take the riot out of our own neighborhood. And if we're going to trash a bar, let's make it the Hard Rock Cafe.

Neil Goldberg
Manhattan

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by Daniel Sotomayor

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SOTOMAYOR



A lifeline for every gay person trapped by addiction

At least 3 out of 10 gay Americans are alcoholics, and still more suffer from other forms of chemical dependency. Now, at last, there's a practical handbook for dealing with this problem: a step-by-step guide written by a gay recovering alcoholic, addressing the specific needs of lesbians and gay men.

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News

Riot Erupts At Stonewall Faerie Gathering

Re-enactment Turns Real After Motorists Ram Crowd

by Andrew Miller

NEW YORK — What began as a re-enactment of the Stonewall Rebellion on its twentieth anniversary erupted into an actual riot on Saturday, June 24, which sent four persons to the hospital, and left at least a half dozen others injured and one car nearly destroyed. In at least two separate incidents, motorists purposefully drove their cars into crowds of demonstrators, knocking down some and causing others to chase the drivers through the streets of the Village, according to eyewitness reports.

Scores of uniformed and undercover police, including a riot squad, were called in to assist officers at the Sixth Precinct, who were at times overwhelmed by the sheer size of the crowd, which at its height swelled to over 1,000.

One gay demonstrator was arrested, and some of the occupants of the two cars involved in the hit-and-run incidents were taken into custody. The evening's events, which had begun shortly after 8 p.m., continued on well into the early hours of the morning, and received live television coverage, newspaper reports by the *New York Post* and the *New York Times*, and a visit from mayoral candidate David Dinkins.

The evening began peacefully, even joyously, at a gathering called by the Radical Faeries, a collective of gay men given to spiritual individualism and drag. The Faeries gathered outside of the Stonewall, which is now a men's clothing store, armed with yellow foam-rubber bricks. The re-enactment was arranged with the blessings of the store's owner, Statish Malik, who had closed his store for the occasion, and allowed the Faeries to set up a "Stonewall Shrine" in the basement of the store.

Participants threw the "bricks"

(yellow for the Yellow Brick Road, explained one Faerie), while others dressed as police officers playfully pushed and shoved journalists and demonstrators and hit them with fake nightsticks, which were actually long, party-colored balloons. After about a half-hour of mock rioting, several people in the crowd reportedly shouted out, "Let's take Seventh Avenue," and the group, now numbering in the hundreds, moved north up the Village's main thoroughfare, blocking traffic as it worked its way towards Greenwich Avenue.

"It was kind of up and fun and bubbly at that point," said Gerri Wells, an *OutWeek* photographer who participated in the re-enactment. "A lot of people in the cars were getting into it. It was more like Mardi Gras than a riot," she continued.

Chanting "No more homophobia" and similar slogans, the crowd, led by

a line of people carrying a blue police barricade above their heads, picked up steam and participants. But as it moved down Greenwich Avenue and then west on 10th Street, the mood somehow changed.

"There were people there hoping for some sort of affirmation of gay power," claimed David Hamburger, who was visiting New York from Boston and was present for the entire happening. "Everyone had their own idea of why they were doing it. Suddenly someone yelled about the two murders and how the police weren't doing anything about [them]," he added, referring to two Black men who were killed on the Morton Street pier early on Friday morning (see sidebar, p. 72). The pier is a popular cruising area and gathering place for gay men, especially gay men of color.

That, according to Hamburger,



FRIGHT NIGHT
Hit and run victim on Grove Street.

Photo: Peter LeVasseur



CLEANING UP THE NEIGHBORHOOD
Revellers and hit-and-run vehicle on Christopher Street.

Photo: Ben Thornberry

provided the impetus for the marchers to proceed to the Sixth Precinct on West 10th Street. But others in the growing demonstration did not hear the announcement, and did not know the exact reason for going to the precinct.

As more and more marchers arrived at the police station, police officers inside quickly came out and formed a line in front of the entrance. The crowd cheered as several among them set fire to American flags. Police reported that windows at the police station were smashed by rocks. "The potential for a riot was there. The emotions were high, people were angry, it was hot," Wells said.

After about ten minutes, Commanding Officer Julia Thompson emerged from the precinct building and tried to address the crowd, now well over 1,000, in an attempt to diffuse the tense situation. But her assurances that "the Sixth Precinct is sensitive to the needs and expectations of the gay community," and that "many of the police officers are gay,"

were met with chants of "Arrest us, just try it, remember Stonewall was a riot," from the crowd.

She told the crowd that the homicides did not appear to be bias related, and that they were under investigation. Many of those gathered responded by chanting "Bullshit," "No more lies," and by pelting her with condoms.

Neil Broome, a member of ACT UP, who knows Thompson from his work as a counselor at the Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project, joined Wells in attempting to ease communication between Thompson and the crowd. He later told *OutWeek* that "it was starting to get out of hand" at that point. "There was a lot of anger and I think [Thompson] was frightened. It looked like a bunch of crazy, angry people with no specific purpose."

Wells, who has previously acted as an unofficial liaison between police and angry demonstrators at several lesbian/gay and AIDS protests, then took the megaphone and persuaded

the group to leave the area.

Once away from the precinct building, the marchers picked up the air of revelry again. But the mob continued its march around the Village, south on Hudson Street to Christopher Street, and then west to the pier, then east again on Christopher. "It's spontaneous, it's real. Nobody created this. It's an outpouring of angst and anger. We'd better get respect from this city, civil rights, all the things we're entitled to, but that hasn't happened yet," said Paul Stone, one of the demonstrators. "I think we should do this every Saturday night." Michael Nesline, another of the marchers, characterized the evening as "a completely spontaneous, mob-led action." Indeed, many of the participants seemed surprised themselves at the size and emotional scope of the evening's events.

The police, for their part, seemed unwilling to arrest anyone, and reluctant to become more involved. In a *New York Post* article on the following

continued on page 72

News

Huge Celebration For Pride '89

Dykes on bikes, radical faeries and the ruby slipper

by Keith Miller

NEW YORK — There's been a marvelous party! A highly emotional party. A love-in on the grandest and gayest scale. Nearly 200,000 women, men and children, strong of pride and loud of lung, stormed Fifth

News Focus

Avenue on Sunday, June 25th to celebrate the anniversary of Stonewall in the Heritage of Pride 20th Annual Lesbian and Gay Pride March. In evidence at this largest-ever party, were the largest-ever contingents of people with AIDS and people of color in the parade's history, smaller groups including Armenian lesbians, farm dykes, pagans, radical faeries, grandmas for gays and The Rob Lowe Defense Fund, and one admittedly-heterosexual mayoral candidate, kicked off from Columbus Circle promptly at 12:30, led with a cacophonous roar by those dykes on bikes, the New York Sirens. One Canadian rider, Nora, wearing a black leather hat, vest and little else save a maple leaf, a Marlboro and a smile, confided, "Man, this is the largest group of women motorcyclists I've ever seen. We're gonna make some noise down Fifth Avenue." And yes, they did.

In the spirit of Stonewall, the Heritage of Pride float displayed a drag queen's ruby slipper smashing through a pane of glass, alongside, headlines describing the outbreak of violence that night in June of 1969, when gays and lesbians came out of the closet for good. As the float glided along, accompanied by a representative of each of the 125 groups in the march, European tourists looked on with faces suggesting they had just had their visas revoked. When approached for a comment

on the day's activities, one gentleman replied, in perfect English, "I don't speak English."

Swinging, strutting and swishing onto Fifth Avenue, the energy level increased. Sybil Bruncheon, noted talk-show hostess, was warmly received by the crowd for her rendition of the Statue of Liberty, which involved gold lamé and a hoop skirt.

Ovations greeted the Gay and Lesbian Youth of New York, who chanted raucously "2-4-6-8, how do you now your kids are straight?"

The first ever lesbian-sponsored float glided across Central Park South, carrying a resplendent band of singing lesbians. One of the largest groups in the march was the People With AIDS Coalition and the AIDS-related health care agencies, including the Gay Men's Health Crisis. Members of the Healing Circle frequently stopped to join hands, form a circle, and awe the crowd with their

continued on page 70



STRONG OF PRIDE, LOUD OF LUNG
Marchers entering the Village.

Photo: Ben Thornberry

News

Parade Largest in History

Celebration Attracts Politicians and Protesters

by Jim Whelan and Andrew Miller

NEW YORK — It has never *really* rained on the Lesbian and Gay Pride March, and true to this fact of nature, Sunday, June 25 yielded superb weather for Heritage of Pride's annual extravaganza. When the Sirens Motorcycle Club, accompanied by other dykes on bikes, revved up their engines and drove off from Columbus Circle at exactly 12:30 pm, parade organizer Michael Meyerson estimated a crowd of 200,000 people. That would make it the largest gay pride march in New York's history.

As usual, there was a small band of gay-haters opposite Saint Patrick's Cathedral waiting for the parade to pass by. Approximately 45 people stood under heavy police protection at 50th Street screaming at the marchers and holding aloft signs decrying sodomy as a sin, and demanding that the Post Office issue "No Gay Postal Stamp" (see story, p. 18).

Two gangly adolescents, wearing knitted caps, matching pale blue polyester ties and heavy iron crucifixes around their necks, said they came in from Our Lady of the Roses Shrine in Flushing, Queens "to protest the evil homosexuality." There were no reported serious altercations, and although some marchers flipped the finger at the counterdemonstrators, the flow of the parade was never interrupted.

The Cathedral itself was completely blocked off by barricades and surrounded by police. Pedestrians could not even use the sidewalks a block away, and were forced to detour through sidestreets and Rockefeller Center. In contrast, the steps of St. Thomas Church on West

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SILENCE EQUALS LOVE

*Marchers during Sunday's three minutes of silence
photo: Ben Thornberry*



SALSA SOUL SISTERS SASHAY SOUTH

*Pride with a beat
photo: Peter LeVasseur*

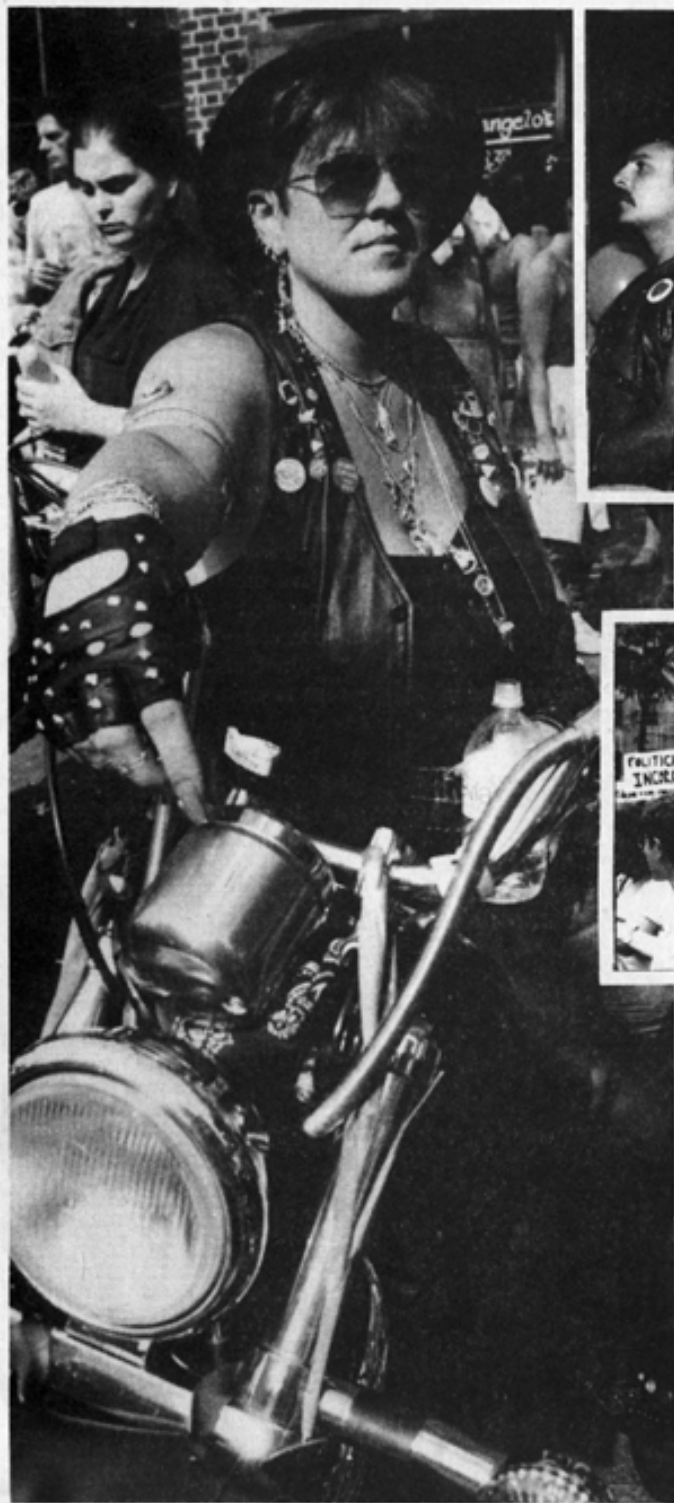
THE POPE OF GREENWICH VILLAGE

*Rollerena and loving fan
photo: Ellen B. Neipris*



ROLLING THUNDER

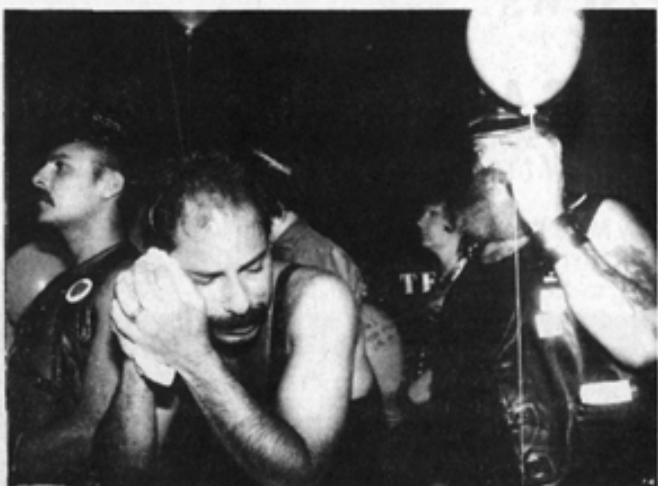
*Differently abled and admirers
photo: Ellen B. Neipris*



REBEL WITH CLAWS

Siren member on Pride Day

photo: Ellen B. Neipris



REMEMBRANCE

Mourners at the Sheridan Square AIDS vigil

photo: Ellen B. Neipris



TAKING THE FIFTH

Marchers in front of Rockefeller Center

photo: Peter LeVasseur

FEY, JUDE

Radical Faerie Timmy Vance and

Judy Garland's coffin photo: T.L. Litt



News

AIDS Activists March Up Sixth Avenue

"Out of the Ghetto and Into the Streets"

by Mark Chesnut

NEW YORK — In an attempt by ACT UP to "repoliticize" lesbian and gay pride, an estimated 1,000 people marched without police permits from Sheridan Square to the rally organized by the Heritage of Pride in Central Park on Saturday, June 24. The march included a kiss-in at 34th Street.

The march spread across Sixth Avenue and was one city block in length. Groups of demonstrators directed traffic on the side streets by linking arms. "We don't trust the cops to do this for us," said one marcher who was blocking 14th Street.

"Out of the ghetto, into the streets," was the call from the demonstrators, who feel the annual lesbian and gay pride parade should begin in the Village and finish uptown to symbolize that the lesbian and gay community cannot be confined to one neighborhood. The first

gay pride parade in 1970 began in Sheridan Square and travelled up Fifth Avenue to Central Park.

ACT UP also placed importance on conducting their march without a police permit. No direct communication had taken place between ACT UP and the police department prior to the march, according to Maxine Wolfe, one of the event's organizers. "We have to be out at all places and all times without police permission. That's the kind of world we want to make," she said. Neil Broome also expressed the need to fight against heavy city regulation of demonstrations, commenting, "the expression of dissent has become so fucking controlled in this country it's a joke."

The demonstrators did encounter attempted police intervention at 14th Street, however, as seven police vehicles and about 20 officers tried to maneuver the marchers into half of the width of Sixth Avenue, in order to

allow traffic to pass. Commented Wolfe, "The cops are very happy to leave you in your own ghetto, and 14th Street is the symbolic dividing line between the Village and the upper part of the city . . . [But] we said we're just going to stay here until you let us go." After about ten fairly tense minutes, the cops allowed the marchers to proceed unobstructed.

ACT UP participants felt this march carried a stronger political message than Sunday's parade, for which ACT UP also turned out in force. "The people we walked through were not our friends . . . and we gave out 5,000 flyers about why we marched to people who were not there to cheer us on," said Wolfe.

Ron Goldberg referred to the march as an opportunity to bring lesbian and gay issues to the entire population of the city. "It's Stonewall," he said. "We're celebrating a political event. Our issues are political."

There are no definite plans for a similar march next year, according to Wolfe. ▼



"REPOLITICIZING" PRIDE
ACT-UP's countermarch near Central Park.

Photo: T.L. Litt

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Pride Rally '89

by Keith Miller

NEW YORK — Celebration 201, New York's 20th Annual Lesbian & Gay Pride Rally, hosted by Heritage of Pride, was held on Saturday, June 24, 1989 in Central Park. Under an alternately cloudy and sunny sky, 2,000 participants were welcomed to the Great Lawn by co-emcees Kate Clinton, a celebrated stand-up comedian, and Everett Quinton, Artistic Director of the Ridiculous Theatrical Company. "Mother Theresa has been spotted in the crowd wearing a 'Silence = Death' T-shirt," noted Ms. Clinton, in one of her many "reports from rumor central." "However," she continued, "she is wearing it on her head."

A potpourri of viewpoints and attitudes provided irreverence mixed with anger, reminiscence and joy well into the afternoon. At 2:30, as the Lesbian & Gay Big Apple Corps played "I Am What I Am," the AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power entered the Great Lawn, capping off their march from Sheridan Square with a standing ovation from the audience already in attendance. The group was large and loud, and their entrance swelled the crowd to nearly twice its size.

Tim Powers, an ACT UP member, person with AIDS and one of the architects of the "Montreal Manifesto," a document asserting the rights of PWAs, challenged the policies of Governor Cuomo and Mayor Koch in one of the afternoon's strongest speeches.

Classic disco of the 1970s performed by The Trammys, Sharon Redd and Jackie Moore brought the audience to its feet, and Canadian singer Heather Bishop seduced the audience with her unique style of country folk. There were also performances by humorists Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney, Matthew



FAERIE CIRCLE?
Radicals at the Central Park Rally

Photo: T.L. Litt

Kasten's BoyBar Beauties, a martial arts demonstration by Brooklyn Women's Martial Arts, and a moving reading of his poem "Old Love Story" by Allen Ginsberg.

Other notable speakers of the afternoon were Barbara Smith, a founding member of the Black femi-

nist Combahee River Collective, who noted that racism should be "attacked root and branch"; Harry Hay, founder of the Mattachine Society, America's most successful pre-Stonewall homosexual organization; and Joan Nestle, co-founder of the Lesbian Herstory Archives (see p. 28). ▼

PARADE continued from page 11

53rd Street were packed with revellers and spectators.

Many of New York's prominent politicians participated in the march. Councilwoman Ruth Messinger, a long-time friend of the lesbian and gay community, walked down the Avenue with Manhattan Borough President David Dinkins. Messinger, who is running for the post Dinkins currently holds, came to "celebrate a generation of pride." Later, she dropped back in the parade to walk down to the Village with a contingent of people with AIDS (PWAs).

Dinkins, a candidate for mayor, said, "the parade is tremendously significant . . . the time is right to reflect on how much things have changed. But it is not enough, we have a long way to go, especially because of anti-gay violence. The time has come to see [that] all people are treated the same."

[Dinkins also appeared in the Village at about 1:30 a.m. on the night before the parade, at the scene of a riot which flared up after a re-enactment of the Stonewall Rebellion (see

story, p. 8).]

Mayor Edward Koch joined the parade at 39th Street this year, but received a chilly reception from parade marchers and spectators, and left the parade a few blocks later. No other mayoral candidates were present.

Also marching together were Councilwomen Miriam Friedlander and Carolyn Maloney of Manhattan, and Brooklyn District Attorney Elizabeth Holtzman, who is a candidate for City Comptroller. Maloney told *OutWeek*, "I'm marching for human dignity and the rights of all people, including partnership rights." Maloney convened a special meeting on domestic partnership issues in her office the following day.

David Taylor, openly gay candidate for Ruth Messinger's Upper West Side city council district, marched among supporters, as did Tom Duane, another openly gay candidate for the council district encompassing the Village and Chelsea. Duane marched alongside campaign workers carrying huge pictures of the candi-

date. "This feels great," Duane said, obviously enjoying himself.

At 2:30, the parade was halted and fell silent for three minutes, to honor those who have died of AIDS. Heritage of Pride cancelled the scheduled balloon release this year, after organizers received reports that the balloons, which float out to sea and then settle in the water, are injurious to marine life if ingested. Instead, a giant banner which read "We Remember" was unfurled in front of the library. Somewhere in New York City, not visible from the parade route, five airplanes wrote the same message in the sky, according to organizers.

The parade resumed and proceeded south to Greenwich Village, where the throngs of spectators grew larger and more animated. Some watched from tree limbs, others shouted to their friends from fire escapes. An older woman stood at the top of a stoop on Washington Square North and held up a sign that read, "Love, However Expressed, Is Beautiful." ▼

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News

Anti-Gay Congressmen Denounce Les/Gay Postmark

Helms: 'Bosh and nausea'; Dornan threatens legislation

by Cliff O'Neill

WASHINGTON—Both on the floor of the U.S. Senate and in the pages of the conservative *Washington Times* anti-gay members of Congress lashed out at the decision by the U.S. Postal Service to offer a commemorative Gay and Lesbian Pride postmark at a postal station in Greenwich Village.

To commemorate the 20th anniversary of the Stonewall Rebellion, widely viewed as the birth of the gay and lesbian civil rights movement, the commemorative postmark was issued at the corner of West 4th and Christopher Streets on June 24, Lesbian and Gay Pride Day.

The postmark, which read, "Stonewall Station, 20 years, 1969-1989, Lesbian and Gay Pride," was offered in response to a request from the Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD), speaking for Heritage of Pride, the group which stages New York City's annual Gay and Lesbian Pride celebration.

Voicing outrage at the Postal Service's decision to offer the postmark, Rep. Robert Dornan (R-Calif.), one of the loudest and most vocal anti-gay member of the U.S. House, penned an op-ed piece in the June 23 *Washington Times* charging that the postmark violated the department's own policy not to issue postmarks with—among other things—"political" or "anti-religious" themes.

Dornan railed at the commemoration of what started as "street riots" and at the Postmaster General's defense that the postmark reflected the "interests and attitudes of those in the area."

"This criterion would make for other interesting pictorial cancellations," Dornan wrote, "including perhaps one for drug infested areas featuring a syringe and the slogan '20 years of Getting High.'"

"Interests and attitudes?" he continued. "In this case the interest is sodomy and the attitude is that sodomy is ok. I hope that the Postal Service realizes that sodomy is still illegal in most states. Indeed, the Supreme Court has ruled that state laws against sodomy are perfectly constitutional."

In expressing his disapproval, Dornan directly threatened to introduce legislation into the U.S. House to ban future gay and lesbian commemorations by the Postal Service.

Dornan also incorrectly identified the Keith Haring Gay and Lesbian Pride logo as the logo of the Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation, in arguing that the symbol represents the "ideals" of what he called a "public-interest or special-interest" group. The logo is actually that of Heritage of Pride, whose sole purpose is to put on the city's annual Pride celebrations.

"We don't even have a logo," said Craig Davidson, GLAAD executive director.

Taking the floor of the Senate in mid-afternoon, during a recess in the debate on the Act for Better Child Care, Sen. Jesse Helms (R-N.C.) stated, "I am appalled at the judgment of the U.S. Postal Service. I find this highly objectionable."

Helms also charged that the post office ignored its own regulations in allowing the postmark "in order to pander to the whims of the militant homosexual lobby" and also took umbrage with the commemoration of what started as "rioting."

"Bosh and nausea," Helms exclaimed, "and a pox on whoever in the Postal Service made this irrational decision."

Helms also denounced the recent decision by the San Francisco Board of Supervisors to legally recognize gay and lesbian relationships as the "final step towards recognizing homosexual marriages."

"In the meantime," Helms added, "thousands more continue to die from AIDS while the homosexuals continue to proclaim the virtues of their perverse practices."

"I think the nastiness of Helms' response suggests—or reveals—the desperation of a man who knows that he is losing his battle to deny to Americans the truth that gay people are decent, loving and proud," responded Davidson. "It is particularly ironic that he should mention AIDS, since Senator Helms has worked diligently to prevent the sort of education that would stem the spread of this unfortunate disease."

"By Senator Helms' own admission," he added, "the post office, in the normal course of business, uses special stamp cancellations to celebrate the cultural diversity of America, and lesbians and gay people are part of that diversity." ▼



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The US Postal Service's stamp cancellation honoring the Stonewall anniversary.

News

ACT UP And *NY Native* In Growing Dispute

By Gabriel Rotello

NEW YORK—A simmering dispute between ACT UP and the *NY Native* continued to grow this week as the *Native* published an editorial implying mismanagement of ACT UP's funds. The editorial followed a column in last week's *Native* in which the tabloid raised questions about ACT UP money being held in "brown paper bags" and "personal checking accounts."

A source at the *Native* told *OutWeek* that the campaign of innuendo against ACT UP is in response to ACT UP's boycott of the *Native*. Peter Staley, head of ACT UP's fundraising committee and the *Native*'s apparent target, was the organizer of the boycott.

At the June 26 ACT UP meeting, treasurer Dan Baker spoke of the *Native*'s articles and expressed concern that they may plant doubt in some members' minds about the integrity of ACT UP's finances. He offered to distribute weekly financial reports to the entire membership but his offer was declined by the room. The *Native* innuendos were greeted by laughter and jeers from the crowded meeting.

When activist Larry Kramer pointed out *Native* editor John Hammond, who was present, a movement began to have the editor ejected from the room. This was squelched when a moderator reminded the members that ACT UP meetings are open to anyone wishing to attend, and that even police agents have traditionally been allowed to remain during meetings.

The controversy underscores the growing antagonism between the *Native* and ACT UP.

ACT UP fundraisers expressed particular outrage that no one from

the *Native* has ever asked for financial statements or reports, which the fundraisers said are available at any time. "I expected a counterattack from the *Native*, and this is it," said fundraising chairman Peter Staley. "They're going the low road. They've neither asked for nor produced evidence of any kind, and they should either put up or shut up."

Others in ACT UP informed *OutWeek* that Staley has frequently loaned money of his own to the organization, as have several other volunteer members of the fundraising committee. ACT UP has no paid staff members.

Repeated calls by *OutWeek* to *Native* publisher Charles Ortleb went unanswered. ▼

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BOSTON

News

Feds Launch Inquiry Into "Q" Death

Target Project Inform Director

By Jon David Aloisi-Nalley

SAN FRANCISCO — The reported death last week of a man with AIDS enrolled in an underground study of the antiviral GLQ223 has raised questions among government officials about that study, which is being overseen by Project Inform director Martin Delaney. Scrutiny of the study has led to an investigation of the advocacy group head by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA) to determine if his study — described in some press reports as "clandestine," "covert" and "secret" — is illegal.

More commonly known as Compound Q, GLQ223 is a highly purified preparation of Trichosanin, an agent extracted from the root of a Chinese cucumber plant and long-used in China as an abortion inducant. In the test tube, the drug has proven to be enormously effective in destroying HIV, the virus believed to cause AIDS, in T4 cells, as well as killing infected macrophages (white blood cells which harbor HIV). Important to the agent's effectiveness in treating the full spectrum of HIV illness is what scientists believe to be a striking ability to cross the blood/brain barrier.

FDA spokesperson Brad Stone told *OutWeek* that the agency will conduct a preliminary investigation of Delaney's study, which commenced in mid-April, to examine questions of distribution, scale, exact nature of the agent used, and whether monitoring of toxicity and adverse effects is being done. FDA is withholding any further comment regarding actions it may take until the investigation is completed.

A study approved by the FDA in which GLQ223 is being tested is underway at the University of

California at San Francisco (UCSF) by Dr. Paul Volberding of that university, and Genelabs, Inc., the company which holds the use patent for GLQ223 in the U.S. Testing the safety of the agent, the five patients in the UCSF study were initially given dosages of 1/20 of those in Delaney's study, although the former study has raised its dosages to half that of the latter.

FDA's Stone said the agency was particularly concerned about severe allergic reactions to GLQ223 which have caused death previously, according to isolated reports regarding people with AIDS who had obtained the drug. Although there is a discrepancy as to the form, dosage and/or purification level of the drug taken in these cases, and although there is no hard data supporting severe side effects, Stone told *OutWeek* that this factor could prove significant in people with compromised immune systems.

Delaney asserted that GLQ223 is not necessarily the cause of the enrollee's death. He also charged that the current research system is over-protective regarding the testing of drugs for life-threatening diseases. The UCSF studies of GLQ223 have been criticized by Delaney and other advocates for people with AIDS because the doses initially used are comparatively small, testing for toxicity. According to traditional scientific testing recognized by FDA, studies for effectiveness, which would require higher doses of the drug, would begin only after extensive, lengthy toxicity studies are completed and are shown to be positive. Critics would like to see initial testing of GLQ223 done at higher, theoretically-therapeutic doses, so that effectiveness, as well as toxicity, could be monitored, thereby cutting the time to achieve results

considerably.

"People would have taken this drug with us or without us," Delaney told *OutWeek*. "We wanted solid answers and the official system wasn't going to answer the questions we needed answered as a community."

Delaney said his study, made up of those who have failed other therapies, is being done in four cities, with approximately 15 patients in each city.

Activists and advocates for people with AIDS were split in their opinions of Delaney's trial. Many reserved comment.

Michael Flanagan, president of the San Francisco-based Documentation of AIDS Issues and Research Foundation (DAIR) was supportive of the trial. He also expressed concern about how much of the media had focused on the reported death. Referring to the recent approval by the FDA of two drugs to treat people with AIDS, ganciclovir and erythropoietin (see story, p. 21), Flanagan stated, "The research establishment talks about release of these drugs at the same time that they discuss a resultant death [of someone in an underground trial] to make themselves look compassionate and [as if they are] 'doing all they can, and [to portray] those outside the arthritic research system as unethical and irresponsible.'" Flanagan also feared that federal regulatory agencies would use this unfortunate scenario to discourage and impede people with AIDS who are trying to expedite drug trials.

But Michael Callen, a founder of Community Research Initiative, a New York community-based organization which conducts clinical trials of drugs to treat people with AIDS and which was largely responsible for the recent approval of aerosol pentamidine, was critical of Delaney's trials.

"It seems to me that people have charged ahead irresponsibly," he told the *New York Times*. "Some people are paying the price for that: They have gone into comas and died." ▼ *Filed from New York*

News

FDA Approves AIDS Blindness Drug

Speeded Process Skips Clinical Trials

by Cliff O'Neill

WASHINGTON—The Food and Drug Administration (FDA) granted final approval status to ganciclovir, a drug used to treat AIDS-related blindness, on June 26, bringing to four the number of FDA-approved AIDS treatment drugs. The drug's release marks the first time in nearly 25 years that the FDA has granted commercial approval to a drug without what is called "pure scientific evidence" from a full-scale clinical trial.

Ganciclovir, also known as DHPG, is a highly toxic herpes treatment which has been proven effective in treating cytomegalovirus (CMV) retinitis, an AIDS-related illness that causes blindness. The drug has also shown promise in treating CMV colitis, a diarrheal condition commonly known as "wasting." The drug had previously been available through the FDA's treatment IND (investigational new drug) distribution protocol, although AIDS activists have criticized the specific guidelines restricting ganciclovir distribution.

The drug now joins the highly toxic anti-viral AZT, the cancer drug alpha interferon and the pneumonia preventative aerosolized pentamidine as the only FDA-approved AIDS treatment drugs.

At a press conference announcing the release of the drug, Health and Human Services (HHS) Secretary Dr. Louis W. Sullivan stated, "This and other recent developments in AIDS treatment demonstrate a commitment by HHS and its component FDA to speed the availability of AIDS-related drugs."

The release of the drug marks the first time since the early 60s that the FDA has granted commercial

approval of a drug without what is called "pure scientific evidence," involving a broad range of data on its effectiveness from double blind placebo studies.

In these studies some patients receive the drug and some receive an inert substance, or placebo. In double blind studies neither the subjects nor the doctors involved know who is receiving placebos, and who is receiving the drug. The design of these studies has long been criticized by AIDS activists as being unethical, because some people receive no treatment.

"To answer [the] questions [of a lack of long term effects]," stated FDA commissioner Frank Young, "the approval of ganciclovir will be accompanied by extensive post-marketing studies to explore more fully the drug's benefits and limitations, especially its role in use with AIDS therapies such as zidovudine or AZT."

The drug will now be marketed by Syntex Corp. of Palo Alto, California under the trade name Cytovene. The drug is administered intravenously through a Hickman catheter, which must be surgically implanted. FDA guidelines released with the announcement state that the drug is to be administered twice a day for 14 days, after which treatments are to be taken once daily for the rest of the patient's life.

The approval of ganciclovir has largely been credited to the work of the New York AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power (ACT UP/NY). Through a series of carefully crafted actions and negotiations, it enlisted the support of the community and extracted the approval of the drug from a controversial study in which it

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News

was bogged down.

An FDA panel set to recommend approval of the drug in late 1987 shocked the AIDS and medical communities when, over the objections of the two ophthalmologists on the board, the panel voted against approval.

Earlier this year, after extensive research and meetings with physicians, ACT UP commandeered an FDA oversight panel and grilled FDA spokesperson Ellen Cooper on the

stymied approval status of the drug. After the meeting, three ACT UP members met with National Institute on Allergies and Infectious Diseases Director Dr. Anthony Fauci to enlist his support on the approval of the drug, while other activists conducted a demonstration at the NIAID offices in Bethesda.

After his meeting with ACT UP, Fauci discussed the drug with Young, and scheduled another vote on the approval of the drug for May 2. ACT

UP held a silent demonstration during that meeting at which the drug was finally approved.

"I would say this is our biggest victory to date, hands down," stated Peter Staley of ACT UP. "Instead of 'pure scientific data' [before approval], [the FDA] had 100 percent agreement on anecdotal data, basically from clinicians on compassionate use. We've been arguing all along that that says something; that common sense dictates that if every patient—and there

Dykes to Watch Out For



are over 3,000 patients that have used the drug—and every doctor that has used the drug, to a tee, says it works—and nobody says it doesn't work—then we have a drug ready for release. ACT UP was pushing that from the beginning."

AIDS activists are also concerned with the pricing of the drug, which will cost patients \$29 a treatment. If administered in accordance to FDA guidelines, the drug could cost patients up to \$10,585 a year, well over the high price of the costly antiviral AZT.

"It's quite an expensive little treatment," added Staley. "This is not an expensive drug to make. This is not an AZT."

Staley added that ACT UP will be working with ACT UP chapters in California to mount pressure on Syntex for cost data and lower prices for the drug.

Also as part of the ganciclovir announcement, the FDA stated it would be granting Treatment IND sta-

tus to erythropoietin, an experimental protein product used to treat anemia which usually accompanies use of AZT and other toxic AIDS drugs. The FDA on June 1 granted final approval status to another form of the drug, although not for use in AIDS patients. The release of the new form under Treatment IND status allows physicians prescribing the drug to receive the product from the drug company at no cost. However, because the drug's status remains technically experimental, the associated costs of administering the drug may not be covered by private or state insurance plans.

It is the fourth drug to be granted the special, experimental status, which was created in response to pressure from AIDS advocates to speed up patients' access to new treatments. The other three drugs are aerosolized pentamidine and ganciclovir, which have since been fully approved, and trimetrexate, a pneumonia drug. ▼

Mayor Daley Leads Chicago Parade

by Rex Wockner

CHICAGO—Lesbian and Gay history was made June 25 when Mayor Richard Daley lead off the Gay and Lesbian Pride Parade, riding in a light blue 1958 Thunderbird convertible.

Daley told reporters he came because he is "the mayor of all the people of the city of Chicago."

No other Chicago mayor has ridden in the parade while in office. The late Mayor Harold Washington spoke at the post-parade rally in 1986 and 1987. Former Mayor Jane Byrne rode in the parade after Washington defeated her.

Daley wore a button reading, "The issue is human rights: Parents FLAG," which stands for Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays. During a campaign appearance last February, Daley hinted that a member of his immediate family is gay. ▼

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News

Stonewall-Era Activists Speak Out

Reunion, 'Revolution Recalled,' at Center

by Jon David Aloisi-Nalley

NEW YORK—"People who do not preserve their history will shortly have someone else's," said Marty Robinson, quoting Lesbian Herstory Archives' founder Joan Nestle. With that statement, memories of times over 20 years ago came alive at "Revolution Recalled" at the Lesbian and Gay Community Center on Thursday, June 22, where veterans of the early gay and lesbian liberation struggle shared their experiences with both contemporaries and young activists. Moderated by Robinson, who participated in the founding of such groups as the Gay Liberation Front (GLF), the Gay Activists Alliance (GAA), the Lavender Hill Mob and ACT UP, the forum also included a photo exhibit on an early 70s zap of *The Daily News*.

Martha Shelley, author and a co-founder of GLF and Radicalesbians told the group of 250 that recounted experience is the best history. For Shelley, that history began with the landmark lesbian group Daughters of Bilitis and the picketing of Independence Hall in Philadelphia "pleading for equal rights," an important step, she said, toward "splitting open the 50s grey flannel suit mentality." She acknowledged the many others involved in the early lesbian and gay movement, for whom the first steps were the civil rights, anti-war, feminist and anti-imperialist struggles.

With the Lindsay reelection campaign raid of the Stonewall in June '69, those influences converged with the full moon, "and this time the queers fought back ... street queens with nothing to lose." She spoke of the early organizing efforts in Stonewall's aftermath, such as Mattachine's Town Hall meeting, the early march through the Village and rally in Washington Square, and the

meeting at Alternate U. where GLF was born. Eschewed by much of the left, GLF also was avoided by many lesbians and gay men still stinging from the anti-homosexual witchhunt of the McCarthy period.

Crediting GLF for saving her life, Shelley waxed nostalgic about that group's dances at Alternate U. (where beer was 50 cents as opposed to \$2 dollars in mafia-run bars), the role of its newspaper *Come Out*, and its many coalition attempts including fundraising for the Black Panthers and helping the Young Lords in building occupation. Shelley also spoke of GLF's dissolution, as various factions left for various reasons: people of color forming their own groups in response to issues of racism, "serious socialists" becoming the Red Butterfly cell, women leaving in response to needs around sexism. In reflection, Shelley called upon the community to remember "those people who didn't make it," whether by AIDS, murder, suicide, or "therapists."

At the time of early liberationist foment, Barbara Love was a CBS executive and a reluctant radical in a milieu where the bars and the radical groups were the "only game in town." Co-author of *Sappho Was a Right on Woman* and co-founder of Identity House and the National Gay Task Force (now National Lesbian and Gay Task Force), she was introduced to lesbian liberation through the National Organization for Women (NOW) where "that issue" was whispered about until Rita Mae Brown came in with her mini-skirt and Phi Beta Kappa pin and "actually mentioned the word 'lesbian' out loud." Love spoke of the efforts she and *Sappho* co-author Sidney Abbott made in getting NOW's 400,000 members to work on lesbian issues. The fight in NOW was "devastating," she said, describing the "lavender menace"

purge of lesbians from leadership in that organization. Such struggles continued in efforts to gain gender parity at NGTF.

A former vice president of GAA, co-founder of NGTF and now at the New York City Commission on the Status of Women, Ginny Vida told of her experience with the Women's Subcommittee of GAA (which later became Lesbian Feminist Liberation) where there was tension with the gay men, "but also wonderful moments of working together." One of that subcommittee's first efforts was an International Lesbian Film Festival, in which Vida credited Vito Russo with helping obtain many of the films. Vida also recounted the major victory for the early movement when, in December 1973, the American Psychiatric Association removed homosexuality from its list of disorders.

The police raid of an afterhours bar called the Snake Pit in the early 70s was remembered by Jim Owles, a co-founder of the GAA and the first president of that organization. An Argentinian gay man arrested in the raid, fearing deportation based on his homosexuality, jumped out a window of the 6th precinct and was impaled on the fence below. Leaflets mimeographed at Marty Robinson's apartment which called for a demonstration said: "that person could have been any one of us." The demonstrators went first to St. Vincent's where the man was hospitalized, proceeding to the 6th precinct "to give them hell," Owles told those gathered.

Illustrating the political advances of the lesbian and gay community, Owles asserted, was the fact that the governor, mayor and other politicians now attend community functions, as opposed to 1970, when Bella Abzug was the only politician willing to be seen meeting with lesbian and gay voters.

Also contributing to the evening's discussion were former GAA activists of The Gay Mystique and Marc Rubin, co-founder of NGLTF and the Gay Teachers Association. ▼

News

First Pride Week Ever In Israel

By Rex Wockner

TEL AVIV—Although they cancelled plans to hold a parade, Israel's gay and lesbian community has scheduled the country's first ever gay pride week in late June and early July.

Speaking by telephone from Tel Aviv, Adi Boudenbrook of the gay group Otzmah, which is the political wing of Israel's main gay rights organization—The Society for the Protection of Personal Rights (SPPR)—said a wide range of activities will target both gays and non-gays.

"We are going to all towns in Israel and putting up signs on trees and poles saying, 'Here we are, lesbians and homosexuals,' with details about pride week," he said. "We are giving interviews in the papers and will be on a television show."

"For our own community," Boudenbrook continued, "we are giv-

ing some parties of dancing, movies about lesbian and gay political culture, a Fassbinder film, and, finally a musical evening on the beach by the sea."

Otzmah had planned to hold a gay/lesbian pride parade through the streets of Tel Aviv, but abandoned the idea after realizing not enough people could risk marching.

"People here are not free enough," Boudenbrook said. "This is the first time for a pride week to exist at all. There just aren't enough people who can go proudly in the streets and be really out of the closet. So, we had to do something that will be influential somehow and that the community will like."

Otzmah is less than one year old but burst into the media spotlight in March after a rowdy argument with several members of the Israeli

Parliament, the Knesset.

"It was an artistic evening for pride and civil rights at a famous theater," Boudenbrook said. "MPs (Members of Parliament) from all parties were invited to discuss gay and lesbian rights and we got them to come by also inviting the media. The 'left' parties came, of course, because they care for the subject and the 'right' because they care for the publicity. Since it was the first time in Israel an event like this happened, there was a lot of media coverage."

According to Boudenbrook, the evening went down in history when Otzmah members heckled the MP's, who said they did not understand why gays and lesbians don't just involve themselves in more general equal rights battles.

"We told them we need to be mentioned specifically with sexual preference," Boudenbrook said. "Anti-discrimination has to be written into the law." ▼ Filed from Chicago

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News

July Honcho Censored

Editors Gag On Pierced Penis

by Rex Wockner

NEW YORK—The July issue of the popular gay male soft-core porn magazine *Honcho* arrived on newsstands this month with black dots obscuring a portion of one model's penis.

The cover-up occurred in a photo spread called "Piercing Session," which, according to *Honcho* editor Stan Levanthal, featured a man with a ring through his urethra.

The censorship of the photos took place internally at Modernismo Publications, which produces *Honcho* and seven other well-known gay porn magazines. Levanthal said the decision was made at the managerial level after he had completed his work as editor.

"It's what distributors think they can get away with," he said, "and there are higher-ups in this company who determine what might not get on the stands. I'm constantly monitored — no insertion shots, no wet shots. But I had no idea they would object to pierced penises."

Self-censorship at Modernismo is nothing new, Levanthal said, "since we are living in one of the most media-censored nations in the world. I've sent out calls for help," he said, "but our readers don't seem interested. It's a crime against art, but no one wants to hear about that. They're only interested in the freedom-of-speech angle."

Modernismo also has strict guidelines for fiction. Authors may not allude to bondage or violence in connection with any sex act. The guidelines differ from those of less widely circulated magazines, such as the leather-oriented *Drummer*, because, Levanthal said, "we are available in tiny towns across America."

"It's the only way we can get

the magazines in there where they are the only connection to gay life some people have," he said. "People become aware of a community they never knew existed when they stumble across our magazines."

The degree of self-imposed censorship at Modernismo has increased in the last three years, Levanthal said, following then Attorney General Edwin Meese's highly publicized report on pornography.

Although Meese did not succeed legally in censoring publications that print sexually explicit material,

Levanthal says he created a climate where anti-porn forces have more clout.

"We have to judge whether somebody is going to contact the local repressive fascists," Levanthal said. "Meese really brought the anti-porn people out of the closet." Censorship is much greater in Canada, Levanthal said, where Modernismo magazines arrive with paragraphs of the fiction blacked out.

In England, U.S. porn magazines are not available because of a ban on showing erect penises.

"It's very frustrating—I was hired to get men hard, keep them hard and make them want to come," Levanthal said. "Porn is safe sex. We should be able to publish anything that keeps people from getting sick. ▼

Filed from Chicago

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News

Green Light For Mass. Rights

by Rex Wockner

BOSTON—Massachusetts activists say that before the end of the year their state will become the second in the U.S. to pass a state gay/lesbian rights bill.

The measure has cleared the State House of Representatives and has three more supporters than it needs to pass in the Senate, according to lobbyists. Having the votes, though, is only part of the game, activists say. The corks on the champagne bottles will not pop until at least late Fall because of the cumbersome nature of parliamentary politics.

The bill will likely come up for a first vote in the Senate in mid-July. Under Massachusetts' system, if the bill passes on that vote it will then come up for a second vote called "engrossment." If it is engrossed, it will proceed to a third vote called "enactment."

This procedure will likely be delayed, however, by amendments that anti-gay senators will attach to the bill. If that happens, the bill will be sent to a House-Senate conference committee between the engrossment and enactment votes.

After a compromise is hammered out, the bill will return to both Houses for enactment.

The bill is supported by Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis, who was vigorously criticized by gay activists during last year's Presidential race.

Detractors charge that Dukakis supports an anti-gay foster care policy and has supported the bill in word but not in deed.

But Arline Isaacson, a lobbyist for the bill, called Dukakis' support "very public and very helpful."

Only Wisconsin has a state-wide law protecting lesbians and gay men from discrimination. ▼

Filed from Chicago

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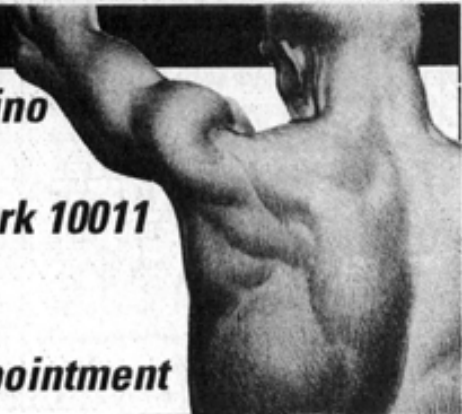
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Many Days Of Courage

The text of the speech given by Joan Nestle, co-founder of the Lesbian Herstory Archives, at the Celebration 20! pride rally in Central Park on June 24th

I want to talk about courage this afternoon—as we gather here today to commemorate that special courage that has come to be known as the Stonewall Rebellion. But before that explosive night in Greenwich Village 20 years ago, gay people were not just a silent people, were not just a submissive people. I know this from my own gay life, which started in the late 50s, and from the voices that I live with in the Lesbian Herstory Archives.

Being a lesbian in this city in the 50s challenged all my fears and shaped all my liberation politics. Whether it was taking my allotted amount of toilet paper in the bathroom line at the Sea Colony, or walking past the Women's House of Detention on a hot summer night and hearing the desperate cries of incarcerated lesbian lovers, or holding on to my butch's arm in the back room of a bar so she would not be goaded by the police taunts into a battle that would leave her bloody, I was deeply educated in the power of the state to control and dehumanize our lives. But in the face of this constant police surveillance and social bigotry went a thousand acts of lesbian courage.

Listen to this pre-Stonewall lesbian voice: "Things back then were horrible, and I think that because I fought like a man to survive I made it somehow easier for the kids coming out today. I did all their fighting for them. I'm not a rich person; I don't even have a lot of money; I don't even have a little money. I would have nothing to leave nobody in this world, but I have that, that I can leave the kids who are coming out now, who will come out in the future, that I left them a better place to come out into. And that's all I have to offer, to leave them. But I wouldn't deny it; even though I was getting my brains beaten up I would

never stand up and say, 'No, don't hit me, I'm not gay, I'm not gay.' I wouldn't do that."

This is not the voice of a so-called famous lesbian woman, it is the voice of our everyday courage before Stonewall. It is a voice preserved because of the gay and lesbian history movement in this country, in this case the work of Liz Kennedy and Madeline Davis of Buffalo, New York. The Lesbian Herstory Archives is alive with stories of daily resistance from the 50s and before: the butch woman who sewed lace on her socks so she would not be arrested for impersonating a man, the fem who took her lovers arm in the street marking them both as homos, the masculine looking woman who would not change her appearance even though no one would ride with her in the elevator of her early 60s New Jersey housing project, the gay lovers who rode the subway to Riis Park and faced the taunts and fists of outraged spectators as they played in the sun, the early members of the homophile organizations that took on the McCarthy witchhunts, the early bar goers who carved out public territory for their own kind, and so many more small stories of a huge bravery.

But you know these stories because every step of coming out that each of you has taken in your lives—these are all Stonewalls, all moments of courageous resistance to homophobic tyranny.

We are not a people of one great moment of history, we are a people whose courage has been tested through the generations. Stonewall is a marker for a movement, a public political stance, and as such it heralded all the braveries of the 70s and now. But gay courage was not born that day and its form was not fixed that day; our history of courage is a complex thing, as complex as our lives and the condition under which

we live them. In the coming years, we will be called upon to find our courage time and time again, not just the courage of our public spokespeople, or ACT UP members, or our cultural workers, but every one of us who pursues the dignity and pleasure of our same sex touch.

An understanding of this rich and varied heritage of resistance will create bonds between us that their fists and laws cannot subdue; it will strengthen our alliances between ourselves as we work in different ways for sustained political and cultural change; it will guide us as we build our own institutions. Our courage, both individual and communal, is not the legacy of just one day nor of one decade; it has no single voice or face, no one membership card and because of this, we all can be creators of our history of liberation.

The one demand that is made on us is to be seen and heard for what we are—women who make love with women and men who make love with men. As we gather in greater and greater numbers so do those who hate us, those who would watch us die rather than touch our bodies, those who call our art a moral pollutant and want it pulled from their museums, those who want us to be sexually controlled and domesticated and yet declare our relationships illegal. Our most courageous answer to this barrage of exclusion is to go on living our lives without betrayal of our diversity, of our knowledge of our people's history and our way of loving. You are the spirit of Stonewall; you, your faces, words, touches are the living legacy of our people's history. "But I wouldn't deny it; even though I was getting my brains beaten up I would never stand up and say, 'No, don't hit me, I'm not gay, I'm not gay.' I wouldn't do that." ▼

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Prevention and Beyond: It's About Time

For the last two years, the federal government, under the auspices of the Center for Disease Control (CDC), has organized the National Minority Conference on AIDS. Designed to address AIDS issues that specifically affect minority, racial and ethnic groups nationwide, the conference has grown into a major gathering of public health care officials, researchers, community service agencies and health care providers. That is, the AIDS (Service) Industry. Officially, the conference is billed as "The National Conference on HIV Infection and AIDS Among Racial and Ethnic Populations," revealing some politically correct roots.

The last two conferences were criticized by people living with AIDS (PLWAs), AIDS activists and community-based organizations (CBOs) for its insistence on directing all attention on preventing the spread of HIV, thereby ignoring the complex treatment issues faced by PLWAs and the actual social and economic dimensions of the crisis. One participant in last year's conference described "people in suits going out to lunch all the time." Community activists raised a ruckus last year, while CBOs worked behind the scenes to negotiate for better representation of gays, service providers and PLWAs in the planning aspects of the '89 conference, which is set for August 13-17 in Washington. The title of this year's conference, indicating the overall direction it will take: *Prevention and Beyond*.

Critics of past conferences charged that a lack of vision was built into its very foundations. The CDC claims to have no authority to discuss treatment issues, insisting that it is forced by its particular mission to

preach a sermon of prevention, complete with a focus on spreading sexual abstinence, monogamy and (by exclusion) heterosexuality amid the "general population."

As a result of these and other criticisms, this year the CDC has moved the conference into the backyard of the Office of Minority Health (OMH). As part of a larger network of Public Health Service (PHS) agencies, the OMH promises to transform this year's conference into a more visionary gathering. Conference Chair Valerie Setlow, at a recent meeting in Montreal at the Fifth International Conference on AIDS, stated that "this year's conference is the third in a series but at the same time it is the first of its kind."

Under OMH the organizers will have the authority to discuss a wider range of issues related to the social aspects of AIDS, including lesbians and gay men, insurance, treatment

incorporate the needs of the communities affected. We recognize that, as a federal agency, we can't be all things to all people, but we've worked hard to incorporate all of the ideas."

Don Mercer Edwards, executive director of the National Minority AIDS Council (a national advocacy network), agrees with Court's appraisal of the planning so far. He is a member of the executive committee, and confirms that they have met at least three times with community advocates and is confident that the structure of the event itself will reflect their concerns. "I think it will really be something that people on the front lines will be satisfied with. The form of the workshops themselves is more interactive, and will deal with a lot more skills. There will be program development-oriented sessions and much smaller workshops than in the past. This is the first opportunity to place the whole spectrum of AIDS issues before the minority communities."

So, with all this good news, what's the problem? A major federal agency has finally responded in a comprehensive way to the needs of groups neglected in the past, right? Treatment and research issues are finally being addressed, lesbian and gay

issues are being covered, so what do we want? The problem: Community activists must monitor these proceedings carefully to assure that its quality and content are satisfactory to all people of color who are affected by AIDS. Will the issue of educating lesbian and gay youth about safer sex be adequately worked toward? Will the larger issues related to the lack of addiction treatment be a major focus? Above all, we must safeguard against the tendency of local, opportunistic, political "leadership," to paint an impressive picture of power at national and international gatherings. They cannot and will not be allowed to name-drop and brag about their ambitions which fail to translate into services for the PLWA constituency. After

continued on page 53

'Partnership-building with the federal government hasn't been practiced a lot in the last eight years'

and research, as well as pediatric AIDS. Representatives of the Food and Drug Administration will be on hand, as well as officials of the National Institutes of Health, the Human Resources Service Administration, the Health Care Financing Administration, and, significantly, the Office of Civil Rights.

Community advocates of many racial and ethnic persuasions, gays, lesbians and AIDS activists have been consulted by the conference's fifty-or-so-strong executive planning committee. Apparently these groups have played a major role in influencing the direction of the three days of workshops and plenary sessions. Sheila Court, co-chair of this year's conference, states that "it represents an effort by the federal government to

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HELP STOP AIDS. USE A CONDOM.

Nearly four months ago, the Mayor of New York City announced, "I am a heterosexual." It was the kind of bizarre revelation that would have seemed more at home on the cover of the *Weekly World News*, topping such headlines as "Bigfoot Stole My Wife" and "Famed Psychic's Head Explodes." Instead, it was picked up by the mainstream news media. Shortly thereafter, more media zeroed in on an obscure sailor named Kendall Truitt, whose declaration, "I am not a homosexual and have never been a homosexual," along with his wife's assertion that he was a good lover, seemed to confirm the public's faith that straight people are incapable of causing battleship explosions in order to get insurance money. Finally, a few weeks later, the media showed up again to cover Tom Foley, the newly-elected Speaker of the House, as he refused the Republican National Committee's invitation to "Come out of the liberal closet." "I am, of course," Foley avowed, "not a homosexual." The media also made tactful mention of Foley's wife of 20 years.

What is it about these stories that so attracts the attention of our news industries? To answer this question and, in the interest of getting all the points of view, I went to a source few bother to consider: the womyn's community. I asked several lesbians how they thought these public disclaimers of private homosexuality have affected their own lives. Here are some of their responses:

Dee Dee;
former activist and co-dependent

I think I'm a better person for it, I really do. All those men in responsible governmental and military positions proclaiming their societally enforced heterosexuality was a real healing experience for me. I mean that. I feel a lot better as a person than I did a few months ago, when I was hanging out at the peace camps; getting hemorrhoids at those boring sit-ins at the South African embassy; stifling my appetite just because Caesar Chavez didn't want me to buy

grapes. Silly me for having no boundaries. Why, I used to get up every morning and ask myself, "What would the poor people want me to do today?"

Well, no more. I refuse to be

**New York
Newsday**

**Koch
'I'm
Heterosexual'**



Discusses Issue, Says Subject's Closed

**OUT
OF
CONTROL**

Commentary by Susie Day

harassed because of my lifestyle. I refuse to accept the second-class status that society accords me as a lesbian. These brave men have given me the courage to go back into the closet. From now on, I'm taking care of me.

I am going to get a good job in marketing research, a couple of three-piece suits, a box of dress shields, and something nice to wear at the beach. Maybe eventually, I could even attract a token hubby. Gosh. On a deep, personal level, I've never felt so much like a woman.

Maude; squeeze-deprived radical

As a single lesbian, I think it's disgusting. And I'm not the only one who thinks so, either. A bunch of us single

lesbians got together and started a group. It's called Womyn Without Girlfriends Against Men of Indeterminate Sexuality Coming Out As Straight Just to Preserve Their Careers or Reputations. You want a flier?

The way we figure it, they've got a goddam conspiracy working. We've seen 'em buying up land, moving into our neighborhoods. They got a plan, see? Their ultimate goal is to take all of our women. These dudes persuade these cute, well-groomed, sexually responsive women to marry them, just so's they can look normal at awards ceremonies and press conferences. That's all women are good for, to them. I mean, we need three more male hets in this world like I need a year's supply of contraceptive foam. You wanta be on our mailing list?

Miranda;
High-powered public interest attorney

I think the issue has broadened my legal scope enormously. I mean, it's obvious that we've got a class action suit here, difficult as that may be for the lay mind to comprehend.

My interest group, CRRSCD — the Center for the Rights of Recent Supreme Court Decisions — clearly sees the government as being out to deprive these men — and straight white men in general — of their Constitutional guarantee of equal access under the law to prestigious electoral posts and lucrative incomes, simply because these men, as *straight white men*, are suspected of being gay. It's unconscionable. Brings a whole new legal dimension to the concept of sexual harassment. It also puts me on the cutting edge of social change.

Moon River; psychic channel

I'm getting an image ... it's a TV screen ... it's — yes — it's a TV quiz show. I'm seeing three contestants on this TV quiz show. There is a mayor ... yes ... a congressman, and a sailor. The quizmaster ... I'm getting a name here — Bill? Yes, the guides say it's Bill. Bill is wearing a sequined jacket and a toupee. He is hearty, yet men-

acing, in the way of most game show hosts.

Bill is trumpeting, "Welcome to *I've Got Your Secret*, the show where you define other people's sexuality for them!" The audience cheers. The contestants seem affable but tense. They try not to giggle.

Now, Bill booms to the contestants: "For \$25,000, tell the folks at home — *who you are...*" The mayor speaks first: "Me? Uh — I'm a stud, Bill." Next, the congressman: "I'm a stud, Bill." Now it's the sailor's turn: "No, Bill, it's me. *I'm the stud.*" The audience goes wild. The contestants get to split the \$25,000.

'Welcome to *I've Got Your Secret...*

Now I'm getting .. oh, dear ... it's one of those humiliating timed competitions. The audience will decide which of the players can do man-things in the quickest, studliest fashion. No .. it couldn't be .. well, yes .. They're having a "shave-off" .. coarsest stubble wins .. now they're smashing beer cans on their foreheads .. and now they've stripped down to their jockey shorts and are looking at inkblots on a big overhead board. "That one is a pretty girl in a real skimpy nightie, Bill," says the mayor, obsequiously.

B-u-z-z-z! The audience holds in their hands little electronic devices that give the contestants brief shocks if they think the answers are too wimpy.

Meanwhile, outside the TV studio, I see ... hard times. I see the ecosystem crumbling; I see contras in the Pentagon; I see many brilliantly colored pebbles, a thousand points of radioactive light .. But inside, Bill just keeps running the show. "It's not whether you're straight or gay," Bill bellows, "it's h-o-w you play the *g-a-m-e!*" A pretty girl comes out in a real skimpy nightie. Bill winks into the camera and says it's time for a station break .. That's all. ... That's all I'm getting ... ▼

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Political Science

The Melting Bureaucracy

by Mark Harrington

**"I've seen the future and it will be
I've seen the future and it works
If there's life after, we will see..."**
Prince, "The Future," *Batman*

First slowly, and then with increasing speed, medical orthodoxies that prevailed at the start of the AIDS epidemic are breaking up like massive ice sheets cracking and melting after the last ice age. Dazed and ill-adapted to the new environment, like dinosaurs competing with new warm-blooded animals for their ecological niche, federal bureaucrats and pharmaceutical businessmen are struggling to survive in the new epoch:

The basic axioms of the pre-AIDS orthodoxy included:

- **Doctors know what's best.** Patients should do whatever they're told.
- **New drugs are dangerous.** The Food and Drug Administration (FDA) shouldn't approve new drugs until exhaustive evidence is in after years of trials — even if some people will die for lack of access to experimental treatments.
- **Placebo controlled trials are required to prove new drugs work.** Even if people taking placebo must die, it's for the greater good of the greater number.
- **People living with diseases are ignorant.** They should have nothing to do with designing or implementing research in their disease.
- **The government shouldn't tell**

researchers what to do. Researchers should set their own priorities.

All of these axioms have been repudiated.

Patients know what's best. Many people with AIDS hear about new treatments long before their doctors do. And they are more willing to try new treatments than their doctors are to let them. Some researchers are more concerned with conducting

studies that benefit "posterity" — those people who have yet to contract a given disease. People with AIDS are concerned with treatments that might work now. Their own survival is the best gift they can leave to posterity.

New drugs aren't as dangerous as new diseases left untreated. The FDA loves to keep tight control on new drugs, citing fears of toxicity. Nothing is more toxic than AIDS if it's left untreated. It's taken the FDA years to give even lip service to this concept. Every time a new, promising treatment appears, AIDS advocates must fight tooth and nail for it to be tested quickly and, if found promising, distributed widely.

Placebo-controlled trials are inhumane in life-threatening diseases. Placebos are inert fake drugs. Half the people in the trial take the new drug, the other half takes placebo, which has no medical effect. In theory, this makes it easier to see if the drug works. The comparison in a trial of an anti-AIDS drug is rather



obvious: If the drug works, those taking the drug live, while those on placebo die. This is what happened in the first AZT trial. 19 people on placebo died within the first 24 weeks, while only two on AZT died. Yet AZT trials in children continue. In one ongoing trial, 12 kids on placebo died, versus only two kids on AZT. How many more children must die to prove AZT may be effective in children as it is (with frequent toxicity) in adults?

In any case, even the FDA has now acknowledged that it is no longer necessary to compare new anti-AIDS drugs to placebo. If the drug is designed to block HIV, it can be compared with AZT. If people can't take AZT because of its toxicity, they can be in a trial that compares different doses of the new treatment. This is the plan for the trials of ddI (dideoxyinosine), a promising anti-HIV drug less toxic than AZT and found active against HIV in preliminary human studies.

People living with diseases are entitled to participate in the design and execution of research on such diseases. When New York's Community Research Initiative (CRI) was founded two years ago, it was the first time in history that people living with a disease set up an institution to conduct research to defeat that disease. People with AIDS are involved at every level of decision-making at CRI, from choosing which drugs are priorities to actually running the trials.

CRI's research has already helped gather data for the marketing approval of aerosolized pentamidine, an effective prevention for pneumocystis carinii pneumonia, the leading killer of people with AIDS.

People with AIDS should pressure the government to tell researchers what to do. It's 1989. People with AIDS and their advocates must be allowed to set priorities for federal AIDS research. The government doesn't have a plan. Records from the federal AIDS Program's October, 1988 meeting show that, at that time, just 0.25 percent — one quarter of one percent — of people

with AIDS in the government's drug trials were testing drugs designed to treat or prevent AIDS-related opportunistic infections. Most of those in federal trials were taking AZT, which was already approved. Yet people with AIDS continue to suffer from infections which could be treated or prevented, if research was designed to that end.

The US government has spent half a billion dollars researching drugs for AIDS. Yet, in the last three years, not one single drug has been approved as a result of federal trials. When confronted with the failure of his program to yield new treatments

New drugs aren't as dangerous as new diseases left untreated.

for AIDS-related conditions, Dr. Anthony Fauci, Director of the

National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID) claimed it was all the researchers' fault — the government couldn't force researchers to do anything. We are asked to believe that infectious disease experts all around the country are all obsessed with HIV and don't give a damn about the bacterial, fungal and viral infections that actually kill people with AIDS. This is untrue. It is the bureaucracy of the government's AIDS Program itself that stifles research into opportunistic infections. This must end.

Last fall, Dr. Rosemary Soave, a New York researcher, proposed a trial of spiramycin, a new antibiotic, to treat cryptosporidiosis, an AIDS-related gastrointestinal infection for which no satisfactory treatment exists. The trial could have been finished by now — it would take less than two months to complete. But it became mired in the bureaucracy of the AIDS Program and was never funded.

This spring, Soave submitted a protocol for another anti-cryptosporidiosis drug, Diclazuril. She

sent multiple copies to all the committees she knew of that had anything to do with AIDS trials. But she'd never been told she had to send it to one committee, the AIDS Clinical Drug Development Committee (ACDDC), that meets only three times a year, but which must give all new drugs "high priority" status if they are to be tested. Since Diclazuril wasn't reviewed by the ACDDC, it never got high priority status. Since it didn't get high priority status, the government couldn't test it.

If it weren't for such bureaucratic bungling, both trials could be finished now and the chances of having an approved, effective treatment for cryptosporidiosis would be good. Instead, a pharmaceutical company is going to have to conduct the Diclazuril trial itself. This illustrates how much still must be changed.

Following are some of the landmarks of the new drug testing order:

September 1986: Spurred by striking differences in mortality between the placebo group (19 deaths) and the AZT group (two deaths), Burroughs-Wellcome stops its Phase II trial of AZT and distributes the drug widely under the first "treatment IND (investigational new drug)" program.

March 1987: FDA approves AZT in record time.

May 1987: FDA publishes new guidelines codifying the treatment IND program. Under treatment IND, drugs may be distributed widely before final approval, if FDA approves.

October 1987: FDA advisory committee refuses to recommend approval for DHPG (ganciclovir), a drug that prevents blindness in people with AIDS, even though there is no alternative treatment. The reason? No placebo-controlled clinical trials were conducted.

July 1988: Vice-President Bush meets with FDA Commissioner Frank Young, MD, and requests FDA reforms to speed up testing and widen availability of new drugs for cancer and AIDS. This is the impetus

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Drug Trials

Community Research Initiative

The Community Research Initiative (CRI) is a New York-based group formed to expedite the approval of AIDS drugs by directly involving the community in the testing process. Formed two years ago as a branch of the People With AIDS Coalition, CRI is now an independent corporation. It is involved in studying treatments as diverse as traditional drugs, herbal derivatives and practices such as spirituality. The recent FDA approval of aerosolized pentamidine for prevention of pneumocystis pneumonia was a direct result of community-based studies conducted at CRI.

These trials are open to all people with AIDS, ARC or HIV-related illness. It is widely believed that people enrolled in CRI trials receive superior health care. As a service to our readers, *OutWeek* will publish lists of those trials open to the public. Those wishing to enroll in these trials or seeking more information about them should contact CRI at 212/481-1050.

LENTINAN

Open to enrollment. This derivative of the Shiitake mushroom has been used as an anti-cancer agent. It is believed to have immunoenhancing properties. It will be studied by CRI to assess its effects in PWARCs and in those who are asymptomatic seropositive with T4s between 200 and 500. The clinical trial will involve 50 participants. Ask your physician to call CRI at 481-1050.

DHEA

Open to enrollment. CRI scientists have reported dramatic declines in DHEA levels in PWAs. (DHEA — dehydroepiandrosterone — is a testosterone precursor.) CRI's 24-person clinical trial will evaluate the effects of orally administered DHEA in PWAs with T4's less than 200. The trial is funded by People Taking Action Against AIDS. Ask your physician to call CRI at 481-1050.

MEGACE

Open to enrollment. A 100-person study of Megace is currently enrolling participants. This substance is believed to have appetite-stimulating properties, which may be useful as a treatment against weight loss. Ask your physician to call CRI at 481-1050.

FLUCONAZOLE

Open to enrollment. CRI is studying the effects of Fluconazole on life-threatening fungal infections. The study, implementing the new FDA treatment IND for Fluconazole, is

open to all CRI participating physicians for enrollment of their patients on a case-by-case basis. Participants must have already shown no response on Amphotericin B. Immediate enrollment with minimal paperwork can be effected by physicians through CRI's expedited review process. Physicians should call the CRI Research Department at 481-1050.

AEROSOLIZED PENTAMIDINE

CRI's study involving 232 people is fully enrolled and nearing completion. CRI data were pivotal to the FDA's full approval of the prophylactic use of this medication. This drug is the first to receive full FDA approval based on community research.

EGG LIPIDS

The effects of lipids on PWAs are being assessed in a six-month study now completed. Multiple parameters of immune function are being evaluated. Results soon to be published.

ANTABUSE

The effects of Antabuse (on T4 cells, especially) have been assessed in a study involving 53 individuals. (The results of this study were presented to the Fourth International Conference on AIDS at Stockholm in June of last year). The monitoring project has been expanded and now includes several hundred individuals. Ask your physician to contact Mr. Jack Devine at CRI for information about participating in the study. Recent results soon to be published.

ERYTHROPOIETIN

The ability of erythropoietin to prevent anemia in PWAs and thereby avoid frequent transfusions has been evaluated in two studies (intravenous and subcutaneous routes of administration). The studies are now closed. Results will soon be published.

BOVINE MILK IMMUNE GLOBULIN

CRI is assessing the effectiveness of bovine milk immune globulin in the treatment of chronic, intestinal cryptosporidiosis. The study is temporarily on hold pending imminent release of a recently developed, more potent agent. Contact Anita Tierney 523-3671 for most recent information.

SPIRITUALITY

CRI is studying the relation between physical well-being among PWAs and spirituality. This study involves use of questionnaires developed in association with CRI staff. Contact Stephen Holzemer, RN, at CRI, 481-1050.

DATABANK

CRI has initiated a pilot "Databank" project involving 100 participants. PWAs, PWARCs, and those who are asymptomatic seropositive provide CRI with their laboratory and clinical data as well as listings of all treatments with which they are currently involved. CRI will soon increase the numbers of individuals from whom such information is obtained, and will cooperate with other organizations to form a national network.

DICLAZURIL

CRI will participate in a multi-center trial to test the effectiveness of Diclazuril against cryptosporidiosis. The trial is scheduled to begin in approximately two months. Participating physicians will be notified of the beginning of the trial. If your physician is not a CRI-participating physician, please ask him or her to call CRI at 481-1050. ▼

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Bruce Hopkins: Six Characters In Search Of A Bloody Mary

by Jeffrey Essman

"Standing on my head and singing is kind of my whole outlook on life."

Bruce Hopkins is referring to the encore number of his old cabaret act. In what was certainly one of the most surreal moments in cabaret, Hopkins would do a headstand on a barstool and execute up-ended Folliesque choreography as he sang "Dancing on the Ceiling." Since then, he's taken to standing the rest of us on our heads with his thought-provoking, touching and very funny new show, "Conversations at Our Lady of the Harbor Bar and Grill."

Hopkins is a charmer, a lanky, soft-spoken son of the Quaker State, with an easy smile and an impish glint to the eye that puts one in mind of a favorite cousin or an understanding English teacher. Imagine the reaction, then, when he would open his act in a bathrobe and horn-rims with the line, "Good evening. I'm Bruce Hopkins and I'm as queer as the day is long." Now imagine it's 1975. Cabaret was still the province of traditional stand-ups and Hildegardes man-quees, and an audience hoping for any sort of gay context was left primarily to the devices of female imper-



AN AUNTIE MAME IN LEATHER

Photo: Hashimoto

sonators and male singers showcasing unconvincing pronouns. The response to Hopkins' openly gay act was startled, electric and immediate: They adored it. A breath of honesty and openness had finally swept onto the circuit, and Hopkins found himself the harbinger of gay glasnost in cabaret. "I thought, 'Somebody's got to break through this barrier, so I might as well be the one to do it.' I had this image of myself as the Bill Cosby of gay performance."

Yet after 12 years of growing success as America's favorite diabetic tap-dancing leather number, he decided it was time for a change. Thus the development of the characters that make up the clientele of "Our Lady of the Harbor Bar and Grill." The first to emerge were Harold, a revenge queen, and Edmund a quick-witted casualty of the relationship racket. They were soon to be followed by Mom, a widow who finds her new lease on life in a gay bar; Chip, an "expiring actor" who lapses into existentialism between roles; Moose, a leather number who finds more sado-masochism in popular TV than in leather bars; and George — Grace to his friends — Our Lady's bartender and resident poet. The transition from the earlier format to an all-character show was an easy one for Hopkins and represented both a natural evolution and a return to his roots. "I came to New York to be an actor ... and I felt I hadn't done any acting I could dig my teeth into for a long time. So, I thought since no one was offering me a script, I would write my own."

Though he misses the spontaneity of the stand-up format — the give-and-take between an audience and performer that fourth-wall pieces naturally preclude — he also sees certain advantages to expressing himself through characters apparently at some distance from his own point of view.

In fact, one of the most intriguing paradoxes of Hopkins' performance is that instead of hiding behind a characterization, using it as a smoke screen against our getting to know him, he uses it as a means of exposing and



GONZO-EXISTENTIAL POEMS Photo: Hashimoto

exploring feelings he might otherwise have ignored. "I think I'm making my points much stronger than I did before. I wasn't as courageous as myself to say a lot of those things as if they were my own opinions." The approach offers a similar freedom to the audience: It seems more willing to take in difficult or controversial material when it's offered as a character's viewpoint rather than the performer's.

There's no shortage of difficult material in the show, whether it's Moose's theory on AIDS, Harold's neediness, or just about anyone's loneliness. Hopkins is committed to portraying all aspects of the people he's created, even those aspects we may not be comfortable with. Yet, it's to his credit both as a writer and an actor that the approach leans more

toward gentle persuasion than sensationalism. He accomplishes the near-impossible task of guiding an audience into difficult waters without ever putting them off. And he doesn't attempt to score cheap theatrical points by indulging in the schlock shock that plagues so much of performance art. "The whole purpose of performing, to me, is to make people think about what's going on and what's happening (and) I believe that if you're going to talk about these things, you have to talk about all aspects of it." Though there are certainly audience members — the ones, one would imagine, who don't go to the theater to think — who resent the darker tones of the show's spectrum, there are many others, fortunately in the majority, who relish the experience, finding in it empathy, catharsis and laughter. For in all this talk of deep and difficult waters, the point must never be lost that Hopkins has us laughing even when we're up to our neck in them — no small commendation in times like these.

"I really believe there are only about eight different types of people in the world," making this show the easiest way to take in three-fourths of what the world has to offer. Despite their differences — from Harold's coy bitchiness ("I like that guy's hair. I once painted my bedroom that color.") to Mom's resigned wisdom ("I think it's a good idea to spend at least part of your day with people who aren't sure they're bored.") — all seem to share a search for meaning in their lives, and it is Hopkins' unique talent to be able to find humor both in the search and in the lives themselves. Wittily skeptical of just about any school of thought, as leary of past lives as of heavenly reward, he is a confirmed devotee of living for the moment, an Auntie Mame in leather who claims he did some of his best

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Pat Califia

Sarah Pettit Talks To The Lesbian S&M Sex Guru About Porn, Publishing and Politics

Half a lukewarm beer in my belly, I hopped the 7th Avenue bus. Somewhere in the heart of Brooklyn my subject waited, a pain in her lower back and wine-soaked pot roast in the oven. I had not entertained such possibilities; reeling thought to thought in the April crepuscule, I smelled leather straps, furlined wrist restraints, a gag for my big mouth. And then, like a strong, clear ether, my reverie evaporated. I had work to do, damnit. The kitchen was juicing with roast and my subject, the demiclad Southern traveling companion informed me, was set to talk. Here on this last leg of a shoestring book tour, Pat Califia spoke the hard truth on being out and about as a dyke in the late 80s.

Pat Califia: My goodness, your notes look like you're set for a long haul.

Sarah Pettit: Absolutely not. I'm not going to do anything beastly to you. So, you've moved back to San Francisco. Are you finding it more productive to write out there?

PC: I had lived in San Francisco for 10 years before I moved to New York and, to be completely honest with you, I really loathed and detested living in New York. As soon as I had enough money, I left. I love San

Francisco; it's a beautiful city. It is certainly true that in New York there is a larger publishing industry, but I found that that industry wasn't open to me anyway because I'm too out as a pervert and a queer. What happens if you're gay in New York, and you want a professional career, is that essentially you must be closeted. You can network with other gays as long as you can operate within that closet.



Photo: Myra Fourwinds

And I can't do that because all of my work is too bizarre and too outrageous.

SP: How do you, how does anyone, survive and make it writing the kind of stuff you write?

PC: The reason that I've been able to survive is that I've been employed by *The Advocate* for a long time to write a regular column. I also do some freelancing for magazines like *Variations* and *Penthouse* and I still do typing, word processing. I

haven't found a way yet to live entirely on my income as a writer. I think that is really, really hard to do. Essentially, the system is not very interested in hearing dissident voices and they make you pay if you try to be one of those voices — the price is you'll be poor.

SP: Yet even within the gay and lesbian community it is not necessarily an easy enterprise to be a certain kind

of dyke, to write books like your *Macho Sluts*. Magazines such as *On Our Backs* have terrible troubles, yet all they seek to do is provide a forum for lesbians to be sexual, to be sexy.

PC: I think it's a great thing that *On Our Backs* keeps publishing erotica. I'm glad that they exist, but they don't pay their writers either. That's part of the reason why my writing doesn't appear there more often. That's part of why the quality of writing in that magazine is

sometimes kind of bland — it's amateur work. It's stuff that they haven't had a lot of time to polish or revise. One of the things that impoverishes lesbian literature is that if you are a lesbian writer, the assumption is that you write for free. The thing that keeps the lesbian press going such as it is, is the donated labor of the writers. Even magazines that sell advertising assume that we should donate our work. If it weren't for the gay male press, I would starve to death. Even

beyond the economic issue, there's not a women's press in this country that will publish my work. Except Lace Publications, and they too are a very small business that is always struggling to stay afloat. They can't afford to pay their writers either.

SP: On the tack of the gay/lesbian split. It is all too apparent that there are very different levels of status and realms of privilege for gay and lesbian writers. You only have to look at the volume of gay male literature, the reception of it, the David Levitts of this world, to see that split. And I think there is in many people's minds, therefore, an assumption that a qualitative difference exists in the sort of work produced by gay men and lesbians.

PC: The fact is that economic realities do have an impact on the kind of work that people produce. I don't think there is a difference in innate ability, but I think the fact that lesbian writers are operating at such a lower level of economic privilege means we have less time to do our work, we get less feedback about it, especially if we write works that are controversial to other lesbians because it becomes very difficult to pass your work around for comment if it's going to get you branded as some sort of outlaw or second class citizen in your little sexual ghetto. So, while I think it's a mistake to say that lesbians don't write as well as gay men, we also have to recognize that we are struggling against greater disadvantages and that does have an impact on our work. I know it does on mine.

SP: I've noticed a proliferation of lesbian detective novels.

PC: That's funny, isn't it?



FEEDING FANTASIES
Lesbian author Pat Califia.

Photo: John Kenny

SP: A nice cosy isn't going to turn too many heads or upset people with its politics, is it?

PC: There is more going on than just that. I'm a fan of detective novels. What I think is interesting in those film noir detective novels is that the detective is almost a metaphor for a sex pervert. The detective is an outcast, a solitary person who has a sense of honor, who can look at facts no one else can see clearly because they are too invested in maintaining a status quo that the truth will shatter. I don't think it's just a search for respectability that makes lesbians want to write detective stories. I think it's like us writing vampire stories. When you want to write about the experience of being marginal and of

looking in on society from the outside, you search for the forms, for the genres that will let you do that. The detective format is certainly one that you can pack a lot of social commentary into. I've been disappointed that more of those detective stories didn't have that kind of nasty quality that you got in the better 50s detective writing. Some of those novels really transcend their genre, they are not pulp novels at all. I think precisely because we are homosexual, that if we keep our eyes open and if we use our intelligence, we have the potential to understand not only our deviance, but also what is "normal" for most people in a way that they will never be able to understand themselves. I

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Look ▼ Out

Who's that girl? The now infamous blonde whose provocative posturing is plastered across the West Village (and by now over 300 chests via T-shirts), is none other than Margot Malone, the 1989 Stonewall Poster Girl.

Margot was on hand posing and personally signing T-shirts and posters at this year's pride festivities. But not to be missed alongside her were Maria Perez and Reyes Melendez, designers, conceptualists and co-founders of the Peace Art League (PAL), which produced the poster. Not to be confused with the Police Athletic League (though not exactly planned, Perez and Melendez are delighted that the group's logo is often mistaken for it), PAL was founded in the spring of this year as a response to the Exxon crimes. The reception given to "It's Springtime in Alaska," and "Salmon a la Exxon," highly stylized posters that mysteriously appeared on the downtown scene shortly after the spill, was quite overwhelming.

The graphics that PAL produces are used not only to increase awareness in the streets but are also distributed to relevant organizations free of charge. Future projects will cover topics such as child abuse and drug use, but only after PAL takes to task the current art exhibit at the Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center. "Do you realize that they didn't include a single Latino in that exhibit?" cries Melendez. "If the curators think they can get away with that one, all I can say is 'Don't Try It!'"

—Victoria Starr





From whence it came, no one knows. But the strange, bubble-headed creature has been terrorizing city streets, rudely forcing reactions from even the most jaded downtowners. With a hot set of wheels, the 4-foot robot rolls down sidewalks at lightening speed, spitting out wisecracks at passersby. It's not known how it's controlled, who operates it or what it wants. But it does possess superior judgment, snapping at ambitious OutWeek photographer Tracy Litt, "You take too many pictures!"

—Michelangelo Signorile

OUT OF MY HANDS BY BRADLEY BALL

DEAR BRAD:

Kevin is only twice as old as I was when I was twice as old as he was and yet he is already earning a salary that, expressed in thousands of dollars, is four times half my current age while I am only earning two times what my age was when he was half his current age. This disparity in our incomes is becoming a problem. You see, Kevin thinks that if I invested 100 percent of my salary we could both live quite comfortably on his while building a substantial nest egg for the future. I think that if Kevin invests only 40 percent of his gross wages then we would each be contributing an equal amount to our household which would still be two times as much as our combined ages 12 years ago. What do you think?

Bobby

DEAR BOBBY:

I think it is a grave indiscretion to discuss personal financial matters in a public forum and graver still to discuss them with your lover (who, let's face it, doesn't need your paycheque one way or the other). You mark my words, no good will come of this. Since, however, you have already breached good form, allow me to offer an equitable solution: If you take a train to Toronto, travelling at an average speed of 70 miles per hour, and Kevin takes an airplane to London, travelling at an average speed of 550 miles per hour, your salaries, expressed in Canadian dollars and British pounds respectively, would be more or less equal. Birthdays spent in a country other than the one in which you were born are nullified; therefore your ages would stabilize ... eventually. As a consequence, with a little time and distance between yourselves, you and Kevin will come to realize that this relationship is doomed to failure

and the issue of which person should invest what amount of money will be, if not moot, then of little mutual concern. While you're in Toronto, by the way, check out that exhibit of 18th-century Venetian drawings at the Art Gallery of Ontario.

DEAR READERS:

Here's a helpful hint I heard from Ruth B. in Tulsa that I just had to share with you. The next time you lose a contact lens, rather than hunting painstakingly on your hands and knees, just put an old nylon over the vacuum cleaner hose and then run the hose across the floor. The suction will pick up the lens but the nylon will prevent it from being sucked into the vacuum cleaner. Thanks, Ruth!

CONFIDENTIAL TO JOSEPH K:

Nobody has been telling lies about you. Now get all of this foolishness out of your head and go back to work!



By Michelangelo Signorile

It was a typical day in the town where dirt is manufactured by press agents and then bought and sold openly on the sleaze market. And I was a dish delivery boy. Or, to be more polite, a junior publicist. The job was a thankless one, traversing this stinking city to satiate the voracious appetites of hype harpies.

It was feeding time again.

My boss had just given me the day's supply of moldering tidbits—non-nutritious items about pseudo-scandals, would-be comebacks and starlets condemned to the Atlantic City circuit—all in a manila envelope.

This is a true story.

It was close to noon. My load was lighter; I'd already filled the belly of a hungry heifer, a woman who lays claim to celebrities like a cowpoke branding cattle on a Lone Star ranch. She had smacked her lips over a tasty item about Cybil and Bruce spitting on the set.

(It led her column the next day.)

But now I faced the most ferocious beast in the zoo; the self-appointed queen of society gossip and a woman who knows how to pass poison gas. I entered the ornate vestibule of her Fifth Avenue lair, coming face to face with the massive iron and glass doors. Tentatively, I pressed the brass buzzer. Silence. I pressed again, more insistently. I glanced at my watch in horror; it was five minutes before noon! Suddenly the doors swung open. There she was, her face contorted in anger, shriveled like a beached jellyfish sporting Maybelline. Her ego filled the huge rotunda of the lobby, scraping the ceiling's details of the Renaissance, an era which, I now realized, preceded her by just a couple years at best. My jaw had dropped; she was a nightmare in a nightgown

and black beauty mask. And she looked nothing like that honey-haired photo at the top of her column—a tabloid version of Dorian Gray.

(I had never seen her before. She'd always just been a disembodied growl through a mail slot.)

"DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS!" she thundered. I was petrified, (not unlike her body.) I felt like Frances Gumm in a gingham dress, frantically hoping that Toto would pull the curtain back on the great and powerful.

But, there was no curtain.

She repeated the challenge: "DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS?"

I found a tiny voice: "Five to twelve."

Her painted upper lip curled into a victorious sneer. "AND YOU KNOW WHAT THE RULE IS: NO COPY DELIVERED BEFORE NOON!"

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry," I whimpered.

"I CAN MAKE SURE YOU NEVER WORK IN THIS TOWN AGAIN!" she vowed.

Nota bene, bitch: I'm still workin' it!

Film

Lies, Camera, Action!

by Jennie Livingston

sex, lies, and videotape.

Written and directed by Steven Soderbergh. Produced by Robert Newmyer and John Hardy. To be released by Miramax Films in August.

The female lead of *sex, lies, and videotape* is Ann (Andie McDowell), a sexually and professionally frustrated wife of an obnoxious, yuppie lawyer, John (Peter Gallagher). Ann is neurotic (the film starts with her tortured monologue to her psychiatrist about the world garbage problem). And her husband, John, is sleeping with her sister, Cynthia (Laura San Giacomo). Meanwhile, John's old friend, a drifter named Graham (James Spader), has breezed back into town (Baton Rouge) after a long time away. He tells John his philosophy of life: rather than have a *set* of keys, he'd like only to have *one* key—a car key. "To leave someplace in a hurry?" asks John. "No," replies Graham. "To go someplace in a hurry."

These are not happy people. But immediately I recognized their impatience and urban malaise.

In the beginning of the film, Graham and Ann are sitting in a coffee shop. Ann confesses that she thinks sex is overrated. Graham tries to explain to her why she is bored with sex: "Men love the person they're attracted to, while women learn to be attracted to the person they love."

Just when I began thinking I had a lot in common with these two characters, they come up with silly, reductive, heterosexual clichés. I was soon ready to dismiss the film, to say, "here is yet another young male director who is good but would better serve his films by ridding himself of all

female characters and sticking to things he understands like male-bonding and FX and well-composed images."

But Steven Soderbergh, the 26-year-old director of *sex, lies, and videotape*, and winner of the Best Film Prize at the Cannes Film Festival, is a young director of another order. This film is a small-town romantic thriller that undermines every cliché it threatens to rehash. Soderbergh uncovers

the couple's home. Graham is a self-righteous drifter, and he can practically smell the infidelity in the home. "Liars are the second lowest form of life on the planet," Graham asserts. "What's the first?" asks John, setting himself up. "Lawyers!" exclaims Graham. Ann, who at this early point in the film can only barely defend herself, adds cheerfully, "That's you, honey."

I pitied Graham because he was



WHO'S SLEEPING IN MY BED?

Andie McDowell in *sex, lies, and videotape*.

the lies in these characters' lives, some of the lies in our society—and in the process shows us his considerable and promising talent. Soderbergh's film plays a game, and that game is a game of expectations.

At the heart of this game is the question central to the movie: Who is a liar? Here is a director unafraid to ask that question of both his characters and of himself. His answer to "who is a liar?" is the answer that's given by any good romantic suspense film: Not necessarily who you think.

Soderbergh's dialogue is quick and funny and to the point. When Graham first arrives, he has dinner at

impotent, but I also liked him less when I learned that he made videotapes of women talking about their sex lives. These videotapes are fairly embarrassing pieces of home-made word-porn. I wondered: How is the film going to get this character—whom I liked so much—out of this one?

By the end, Soderbergh isn't afraid to let Ann turn the camera on Graham, asking him why he likes to make these videotapes. Using the videocamera as he has used it many times before, Ann asks a terrified Graham the first real question any-

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Film

Out of the Belfry

by Tim Allis

Batman. Directed by Tim Burton. Written by Sam Hamm and Warren Skaaren. Produced by Jon Peters and Peter Guber. Released by Warner Brothers.

Batman grossed a record-breaking \$42 million in its first weekend, so the question of whether or not it's any good seems almost irrelevant. Here's the only thing that really matters: Will the already unbearable proliferation of Batshit (buttons, T-shirts, hair carving, etc., ad nauseum) kill off smiley faces? And is it worth it? Forget the thing about if a tree falls in the woods and no one is there—try the philosophical dilemma of choosing between those two.

Batman (the movie) is not much

more than the latest piece of bat paraphernalia to hit the streets (not much more than, oh, about \$40 million, that is). It's a Bat buy, and, at \$7 (the T-shirts go for about \$6.99), probably a Bat bargain. But it's not Batman.

Advance word (early p.r.) warned us all that Tim Burton's version of the Caped Crusader and his exploits would not resemble the camp 60s TV show we loved. I was over that lamentable fact going in. So instead I nestled in for dark, swooping, neo-Gothic dazzlement and Jack Nicholson. I got a magnificent pre-apocalyptic set, a nifty nightmare of a Corvette (the Batmobile), a dilly of a cape—and Jack Nicholson. But not quite a movie.

Almost everything about this Boeing of a *Batman*—even the Prince songs, damn it — fails to really soar. The script supplies most of the drag weight, unfortunately. Except for the Joker's maniacally urbane zingers, the dialogue is a string of ear-jarring clichés and California mushballs. Michael Keaton might have been fine if he

were ever allowed to say anything, but he's not. His millionaire (billionaire, now?) bachelor Bruce Wayne — Batman's true identity — is dry and knowing, but barely around, certainly not unmasked. It's a part not without emotional potential, considering Batman's character is shaped by the fact that he saw his parents murdered when he was a young boy. We get that scene in flash-back toward the end of the film, but we never get to know Wayne *during* the film, so it means little.

Stunning (looking) Kim Basinger, I'm sad to say, gets to spew the worst of the dreck as photo journalist Vicki Vale, who wants to get to the bottom of this Bat business after hearing rumors that Gotham City has a large one lurking. She, too, is wasted, as much a prop as the Batmobile, and not nearly as versatile. A capable comic actress, she's given virtually no funny or even clever lines. Cleverness, in fact, is what's most missing from the whole thing (except for Jack Nicholson's Joker).



ALL RUBBERED UP

Michael Keaton in Bat-drag, and a very phallic Batmobile

Nicholson. Seems that every time he makes a film, someone describes him as over the top. This time he has taken the top and hurled it off of the Empire State Building. In an unbearable purple jacket, with his clown-white face pulled tight by a blood-red frozen smile that seems to extend all the way into his criminal-green hair, he is the maddest hatter imaginable. Fittingly, he counters the costume with a jaded air. Nicholson has always had the inside line on Evil—he knows what it looks like after a hard day at the office, all bitchiness and boredom. There's no point in giving away lines (ever), but suffice it to say Jack's Joker can make charming small talk with a gargoyle.

And the museum scene! I love it that this is actually pissing people off—a scene where Joker and his cronies pop into a MOMA-like museum and vandalize much of the recognizable Western art. What fun! He is a giddy child, and all you can do is envy the hell out of him. Unless you're busy being pissed off.

Oh, alright I concede it, you could almost justify the whole movie by this scene alone.

This might have been a great film if someone had bothered to hire a writer capable of creating fresh, intelligent dialogue. The Batman stories are, after all, psychologically compelling, visually rich and brooding and dark in a way that approximates, well, life. Even their lunacy rings true, as Nicholson proves. A heady mix of comedy and doom could have been the ticket, and seems to be what the extremely talented Burton (who directed *Beetlejuice* and *Pee Wee's Big Adventure*) had in mind. The dialogue just doesn't come through.

More jabs at Gotham City (there is one great one) would also have been satisfying,

because what is Gotham if not New York? Small gripe: Basinger and Keaton sleep together much too soon. Sometimes fine in life, usually bad in romantic cinema. There's no build up, and once they do it there's no promise of more to come. Huge gripe: There's not enough made of

Basinger finding out that Wayne is Batman. It just happens, as undramatically as possible, and we never know what it means to Wayne to have his cover blown. I can't help thinking the scene's on the cutting room floor.

Bitch, bitch, bitch. Maybe I'm just mad because there's no Robin. ▼



THE INSIDE LINE ON EVIL

Jack Nicholson as the Joker sits under portrait of Jerry Hall, who plays his love thing.

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Theater

Louisa May's Tragedy ::

by Veneita Porter

Little Women: The Tragedy. A play by Deborah Margolin, additional material by Louisa May Alcott and Peggy Shaw, directed by Lois Weaver, presented by Split Britches Co Interart Theater, 549 West 52nd Street.

Split Britches' newest production is aptly named *Little Women: The Tragedy*. The play is loosely based on Louisa May Alcott's novel as well as a colorful dialogue with the author herself, which takes place in heaven. While Split's productivity is to be admired, their production is flawed. It is an exciting proposition

to mix gender-bending, children's literature and pornography in a performance using an Alcott character (director Lois Weaver) as a voice. Unfortunately, gender-bending preachers such as the one portrayed by Peggy Shaw are yesterday's news. Shaw is the rational/male side of Alcott's inner self who is in constant opposition to her more elemental side, a begartered dance hall girl/"strumpet" (Deborah Margolin). A large part of the play is vaudevillian in effect, with splashes of the absurd. The actors wander in, taking seats among the audience and begin chatting it up. Vaudeville being fun largely depends on timing and rhythm, two elements this production sorely lacked. It was as if there was an inside joke and someone forgot to include the audience. *Little Women* never quite makes up its mind where the punch line is; all the elements are there—wonderful set, creative slap-

stick, even a little Italian Renaissance staging—and yet it never comes off.

The strength of the performance in a collage piece is essential. The three actors of Split Britches are unevenly matched. Lois Weaver, as Alcott, is clearly the best of the trio with a bright, articulate quality which is lost in the chagrin of *Little Women*. Peggy Shaw is serene and strident in the role of the fundamentalist preacher who represents the reserved, judgmental side of Alcott. Shaw never lets go. She berates and condemns the injustice of being stuck in heaven with a harlot shortly before she succumbs to the passion wiles of the "strumpet." Margolin is the weakest of the trio, making her character non-erotic and powerless. All visions of heaven and passion are lost if a character such as Margolin's doesn't pass the wet test. Given a loaded subject, Split Britches missed its mark with *Little Women*. ▼



MISSING THE MARK

l. to r. Shaw, Weaver and Margolin in Little Women: The Tragedy.

Photo: Ruby Levesque

Opera

Taking Risks Onstage

by George Heymont

One of the most fascinating things about the theater is that, as a live medium, things can and frequently do go wrong. Anna Russell mischievously recalls the performance when, as Santuzza, she leaned against the village church and it collapsed. Folks at City Opera still wince at the memory of the horse who unloaded a pile of shit, center stage, just moments prior to the Maypole Dance in Boito's *Mefistofele* (you can rest assured there was some pretty dainty footwork from the dancers during that performance). I'll never forget watching Patrice Munsel belt out Stephen Sondheim's "I'm Still Here" during a preview of *Follies* (at Houston's Theater Under the Stars), throw her head back in triumph on the final note, and then gasp in horror as her wig fell off! That's life in the theater.

Whenever performers confront severe risks of failure or success onstage, the atmosphere becomes charged with electricity. One production recently placed the risk factor under a curious microscope for purely theatrical purposes, and the results were quite fascinating. Here's why:



PREMIERE PRIMA DONNAS:
l. to r. Sally Wolf, David Kuebler, Evelyn de la Rosa.

Photo: Joan Marcus

DON'T STEP ON MY DRESS

Earlier this season, the Washington Opera revived its double bill of Mozart's *The Impresario* and Weber's *Abu Hassan*. In this version (devised by Hugh Wheeler with additions by Randolph Mauldin and Roman Terleckyj), *The Impresario* depicts an impossible backstage situation in which two rival prima donnas feud over who gets top billing and the largest salary for singing the lead role in Weber's *Abu Hassan*. When each diva threatens to cancel, the impresario struggles to coerce them back into the theater by stroking their enormous egos. Both women attempt to

direction, the cast went about their work with venal delight. Evelyn de la Rosa's overly feminine portrayal of Renata Renati (the Italian diva who ends up singing the role of Zemrud in *Abu Hassan*) was a perfect comic foil to Sally Wolf's outrageously-accented portrayal of Paivi-Tuula Paasikivi (the Finnish diva who becomes Masruh, the Cliph's attendant, in Weber's opera). Sheryl Woods underwent a delicious transformation from Joanna Brinkman (the near-sighted rehearsal pianist) to Abu Hassan's wife, Fatima, and tenor David Kuebler made a rare American appearance as Horatio Tucker (the company tenor) and Abu Hassan. Veteran performer William

Wildermann garnered plenty of laughs as the basso buffo, Emmanuel Schrimpen (and later on, as Omar the Money-Lender) while dramatic support came from Ted McAdams as a frustrated playwright and Edward Fowler as the owner of the theater. Actor Larry Lerer doubled as

capture the lead role and, when a compromise is finally reached and the second act curtain rises on *Abu Hassan*, the two prima donnas haul out every bit of theatrical ammunition available in order to steal the show from each other. Some moments are pure fun. Others get down and dirty. The curtain calls were a riot.

Under Roman Terleckyj's hilarious

Maximilian the Impresario and the Caliph of Baghdad.

These performances of *The Impresario* and *Abu Hassan* were among the last to be conducted by Randolph Mauldin (Washington Opera's talented music administrator who died of a kidney-related illness in April). ▼

Books

On A Queer Day You Can See...Missouri?

by Gary Glickman

In Search of Gay America: Women and Men in a Time of Change

by Neil Miller

Atlantic Press: New York

309 pp.

Reality 101. Just for practice, imagine this: one of those tough city cops giving you the eye is openly gay; a West Virginia miner wipes the coal dust from her face—surprise!—it's a lesbian; over in Minnesota, the prize for best bull (the animal) at the State Fair goes to...Al and John, dairy farmers (of course) but also openly lovers. How about an openly gay fundamentalist preacher? (Naw.) How about an openly lesbian U.S. judge? (Come on!) By now we can sort of believe there are congressional representatives who can come out and still get re-elected; but how about the mayor of Buncie, Missouri (pop. 408)?

Imagine, that is, that despite every American icon you grew up with, from The Marlboro Man to the Ultrabrite kissers to *The Honeymooners*, that there are lesbians and gay men out there as well; everywhere, riding the range, brushing their teeth for a date in Hometown, USA, bickering in a cramped, black and white tenement in Brooklyn ("One of these days, Alice..."). Of course, this imagining, as recorded in *In Search of Gay America*, is just what the author, Neil Miller did, documenting his hunch by visiting uncelebrated, hitherto unimagined (homosexually speaking) places all around the country.

Part One, entitled, "Farmers, Coal Miners, and Small Towns," opens on a

front porch in Selma, Alabama, drinking Dr. Pepper and greeting passersby with "Jill," the author's pseudonymous lesbian host and guide: "A spirited woman in her early forties with a warm, down-to-earth quality and a turn-of-phrase so folksy you'd think she must stay awake nights practicing Southern colloquialisms." We are told she would not allow her name or job to be published, that she knows only a few other gay people in town, but we are then also told that, "like the other gay people she knew in Selma, Jill was in the closet."

In fact, no one else in Selma was willing to meet with Miller, despite Jill's expectations and promises. She

By now we can sort of believe there are congressional representatives who can come out and still get re-elected; but how about the mayor of Buncie, Missouri (pop. 408)?

didn't know any gay Black people, he notes, and most of her social life revolved around Birmingham, two hours away. "So my view of Selma, and my introduction to gay small-town America, became what I saw from one woman's front porch."

It was a wonderful idea to begin his tour on a front porch, and in Selma, no less, a town immediately symbolic, resonant with all the social upheaval and reorganization of the last generation, where Martin Luther King spearheaded his voting rights march, and where Anita Bryant retreated after her gaybashing in Florida. (Jill takes the author to the boutique Bryant opened, and still owns.) As Mr. Miller

points out, "the events there were some of the most visible manifestations of a whole new way of thinking: that minority groups could take the fight for freedom into their own hands...an approach to social change that led, within a few years, to the Stonewall riots."

The strength of this first section relies on the very shock of unexpected recognition and the credibility and even mundanity in Newton, Massachusetts or Morgantown, West Virginia. It also relies on these mostly small-town portraits: these people are just like — not you and me, necessarily, but sort of like — the Marlboro Man, or Ralph and Alice Cramden, or the sorority girls in the commercial, brushing up for the big date.

The subsequent sections are also made up of portraits which skip around the country, the towns, the cities, the coasts, the heartland, and are organized according to some large, loose themes: A Time of Change; Race and Culture; Religion; Law, Politics, Action. In this way lesbian parenting, for example, can be seen in the context of changing economic freedoms for women, and the social and political climate in different parts of the country. So it seems pertinent rather than coincidental that the lesbian

couple outside Boston—Dukakis notwithstanding—is raising an artificially conceived child.

Because such a large portrait-collage has been attempted — the whole country, after all, urban as well as ex-urban — some of the portraits fail to reveal much except that idea that they're pretty much like folks, those homos. Still, the portraits are mostly well-chosen, always generous-spirited, patient and curious, focusing in on a gay America always distorted, discriminated against, and hatefully denied. As one more increment of truth against distortion, this book is, of course, a welcome contribution. ▼

Cabaret

Funny Gay Men

by Jonn Wassser

Jaffe Cohen, nee Mark Jaffe Cohen, is a short, thirty-something, "nice Jewish boy" who speaks in fast forward and would love to do my horoscope chart. Or your chart, for that matter. We sit in his cramped West Village walkup along with Bob Smith and Danny McWilliams, his two cohorts in the comedy troupe, Funny Gay Men, munching pizza (they munch, I write) and discussing the group's origins and comedic style. For now, lunar risings, cusps and, heaven help me, divulging my true birthdate, must wait patiently in the wings.

It's a drizzly Friday evening. The three have just wowed a near sell-out crowd at the Duplex, their home turf. Spirits soar as Jaffe ("My mother's maiden name; rhymes with daffy") Cohen, the trio's unofficial ringleader, recounts the show's highlights and recalls the appreciative audience. It takes several minutes for tranquility to

finally permeate the room.

"Funny Gay Men is not about being gay, per se," offers Cohen. "It's about finding universal themes in who we are."

Offstage, the three rarely break into comedic shtick. McWilliams, 33, the campiest of the three, sits quietly observing and absorbing the atmosphere. A comedian for the past ten years, he performed regularly at The Village Gate and was once a member of a group called "Premises Premises."

McWilliams, who grew up in a Catholic household, is a word processor when he's not on stage. He fuses that world into his act. Opening the show (the three perform separately), McWilliams reveals that when forced to choose a saint at Catholic school, he chose Eva Marie. Indeed, it's his well-defined female personalities which characterize his act: Bette Davis as Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz*, the New York-accented secretary/receptionist and the demanding lady barking orders at the supermarket counter ("Make it lean!").

"My humor is true to life and based upon personal observations," he states. "I met the secretary charac-

ter while temping."

Smith, 20, who follows McWilliams on stage, grew up in Buffalo and moved to the Big Apple in 1984. A deadpan, but much more daring humorist in the Steve Wright tradition, he sees himself as a writer. His play, *Snap Judgment* was recently performed at the Courtyard Theater and he's pondering writing another. But performing has always been foremost on his mind.

"I auditioned at 'Catch' (Catch a Rising Star, the upper East Side comedy club) with openly gay material," he says, deadpan tone in place. "It wasn't an inside joke. The material was accessible to everyone. I really enjoyed the process."

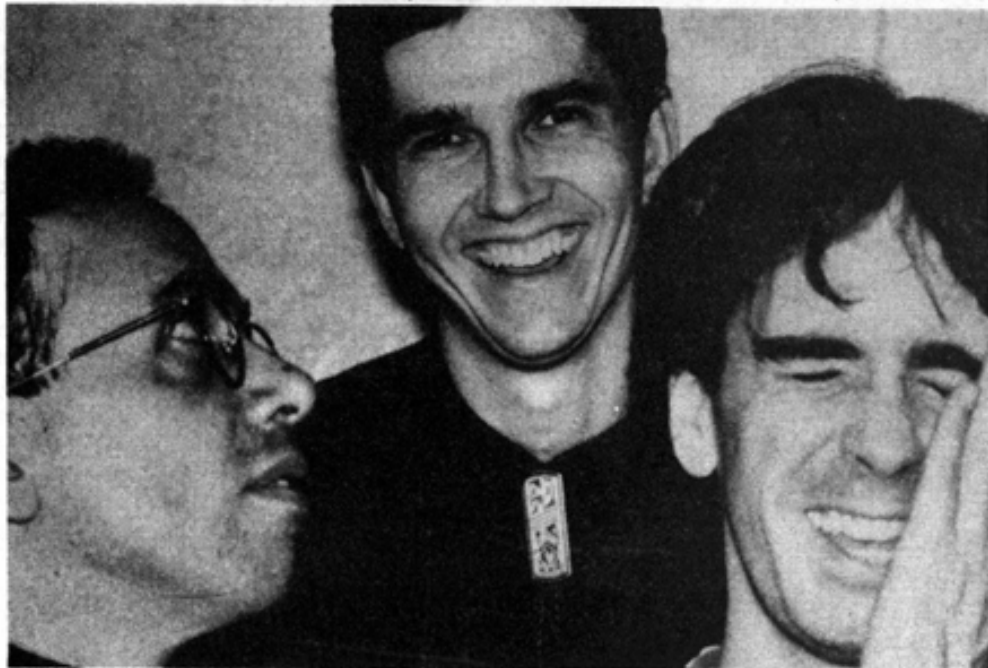
From *Catch a Rising Star*, Smith ventured to other local clubs perfecting his act and style. Along the way, he struck up a friendship with McWilliams, but it took comedian Sara Cytron to bring all three together.

"We're gay men talking about the real world," Cohen explains. "We consider ourselves stand-up comics, not an improvisational troupe."

Smith chimes in, "We have different attitudes and backgrounds which make us unique." He pauses for a moment. "All gay men are not alike."

Cohen concurs. A writer, educator and part-time actor (Cohen has a small role in the newly released independent feature *Religion Inc.*), Cohen immerses his audience in the world where growing up Jewish and gay was not exactly a 'mitzvah'. The show's closing act, his patter, sometimes touches on the political and he speeds along at a breathless pace. Multiple subjects are covered in a matter of minutes.

"When I first start-



HOLLYWOOD SQUARES?

Left to right: Jaffe Cohen, Bob Smith, Danny McWilliams.

ed performing, I was 'out,'" he states, "but then I fudged the issue." A turning point came in early 1988. A new wave of homophobia had swept the country and a close friend had died from AIDS. "He gave me a ring which I consider 'Good Luck'. Shortly thereafter, Funny Gay Men became a reality. It was a politically and morally correct step."

The three meet at least once a week to hone their material. "We're egoists who work separately but we feed off each other," volunteers Smith. "We give one another lines and support our individual efforts."

At present, the group's bookings come mainly from New York clubs, local colleges and gay events. Cohen's latest screenwriting effort is already making the rounds of Hollywood moguls and even his love life has shown definite signs of improvement. "Who knows?" he concludes half-jokingly, "I could become the center square on *Hollywood Squares*. The gay square."

Funny Gay Men are performing indefinitely at the Duplex (55 Grove) every Friday and Saturday. ▼

BLOODY MARY continued from page 39

writing in the Mineshaft. But the surface flippancy merely gives an edge to what is clearly an intelligent, engaged sensibility. His characters' hilarious stabs at explaining the meaning of it all reflect a common dilemma: "I think a lot of us are always getting the accessories, but never putting together the whole outfit."

With "Our Lady of the Harbor" Hopkins has put together a very chic ensemble indeed. The evening has a flow and balance that testify not only to his savvy as a performer but to his skill as a director as well (he has served as director to many of the top acts in the city). In the two years that he's been developing the show, his uncanny sense of self-direction — with, he's the first to admit, a little help from his friends — has molded the piece into a seamless montage of monologues and songs (from

Gershwin to Monty Python), punctuated and given a through-line by the character Grace's gonzo-existential poems. It's a show constantly getting too big for its britches, moving from minute cabaret stages to small theaters, and now to the more upscale, mainstream Ballroom. The next logical step (in a business devoid of logic) would seem to be an Off-Broadway run, placing the show once and for all in its proper theatrical context, and offering a wider audience a show that, despite its context, transcends easy definition as gay theater. It is, quite simply, that increasingly endangered species: good theater.

For Hopkins has much to offer gay and straight audiences alike. He gives the gay community something concrete to apply to the often nebulous dialogue about what it means to be gay, couched in noble intangibles like pride, integrity and courage. In daring to show us six sides of himself — including the pussycat beneath the leather, the romantic in the cynic, the woman inside the man — he gives a three-dimensional portrait of a man coming to terms with himself, with the courage to ask some difficult questions, the integrity to tell us there are no easy answers, and the generosity to give us all something to be proud of. And for the world-at-large? "People think that what I'm saying is, 'We're just like you.' What I'm saying is, 'You're just like us.'"

"Conversations at Our Lady of the Harbor Bar and Grill" will run through July at The Ballroom (253 W. 28th St.), Tuesdays through Thursdays following *La Gran Scena Opera Company*, in which Hopkins also appears as the evening's hostess. ▼

NAVARRO continued from page 30

all, it is their political representation at conferences such as these that is key.

Room for optimism? To some the answer is yes, but even executive committee members proceed with caution.

"Partnership-building with the federal government hasn't been practiced a lot in the last eight years," says Edwards. "There's a core of people at very high levels of the PHS who are encouraged by the participation of communities in shaping their own health. My main concern is that this partnership will continue *beyond* AIDS, and that when the crisis is over the minority communities won't be dropped from the federal agenda."

There are two kinds of "beyond" at work here. There is the type expressed by Don Edwards, which responsibly takes into account the historical context of U.S. government neglect of communities of color. And there is the "beyond" of the title of the conference itself—the not quite specifiable, abstract "beyond," which includes treatment issues and sexuality. Still, I cannot accept that treatment of people living with AIDS is not the first priority of a conference such as this. Nevertheless, this year's event seems promising. As for the potential for a more broad-based, unified response from the institutionally-entrenched "minority" politicians and bureaucrats goes, I can only echo the voices of PLWAs, for whom every day counts: It's about time.

The National Minority Conference on AIDS will be held August 13-17 at the Sheraton Washington Hotel in D.C. Registration is free, but limited to 3,000. Deadline for registration is July 24. For more information call 1-800-729-AIDS. ▼

BUREAUCRACY continued from page 35

behind the so-called "Bush Initiative" (see October 1988) and the Lasagna Committee (see 1989).

August 1988: Trimetrexate, an anti-PCP drug, is the first to get treatment IND status. FDA interprets it narrowly and only 89 people get the drug. Lambda Legal Defense & Education Fund threatens a lawsuit. FDA relents and allows wider distribution.

October 1988: October 11: 1,500 AIDS activists from around the country besiege the FDA in Rockville, MD. It's the first time a federal agency has ever been shut down by the group the agency exists to protect. October 21: The so-called "Bush Initiative" is released. Guidelines provide for skipping the third phase of drug tests if the second phase is promising. Guidelines won't save lives, only drugs will. Hoffman-LaRoche is rumored to be planning on using the new guidelines in its trials of antiviral ddC (dideoxycytidine).

December 1988: FDA gives ganciclovir (DHPG) Treatment IND status. To qualify, patients must be ineligible for a controlled study in which they would have a 50 percent chance of getting no treatment at all. Universal outcry from AIDS activists.

January 1989: First hearings of the Lasagna Committee (so named after its chairman, Dr. Louis Lasagna), in Bethesda MD, a federal panel to recommend reforms to streamline AIDS and cancer drug trials. National Cancer Institute director Dr. Sam Broder (discoverer of anti-HIV activity of AZT, ddC, ddI and other new drugs) publicly lambasts the FDA for rigid micromanagement and delays.

February 1989: Activists boo FDA Anti-Viral Drug Director Dr. Ellen Cooper at second hearing of Lasagna Committee. Cooper tries to justify the agency's refusal to approve DHPG. ACT UP representatives meet with Dr. Anthony Fauci, who oversees federal AIDS trials. Fauci agrees to publicly call for DHPG's release.

March 1989: FDA reverses policy and allows resumed access to

DHPG for people who don't qualify for clinical trials.

May 1989: ACT UP testifies at the Lasagna Committee. The bureaucrats begin to listen.

June 1989: Because the government lacks a comprehensive AIDS research strategy, the AIDS community must come up with one.

June 6: After taking over the opening ceremonies of the Fifth International Conference on AIDS in Montreal, ACT UP presents its National AIDS Treatment Research Agenda.

June 15: FDA approves aerosolized pentamidine for prophylaxis (prevention) of PCP. It's the first

The FDA cites fears of drug toxicity. Nothing is more toxic than AIDS.

time a drug has been approved based on community-based research.

June 21: ACT UP meets with NIAID's Dr. Anthony Fauci in Bethesda. He endorses a new program allowing new anti-AIDS drugs to be released on a "parallel track" trial if the patient is unable to enter the controlled trial (e.g., someone who couldn't take AZT and hence couldn't enter a trial comparing AZT with ddI could get into a parallel trial of ddI).

June 22: ACT UP meets with FDA's Dr. Ellen Cooper. She supports the idea of parallel trials. But she shows herself unwilling to support wider distribution of Foscarnet, an antiviral drug needed to prevent cytomegalovirus (CMV) retinitis in people whose CMV has developed resistance to DHPG. She says (in another context but with a chilling double meaning) that "there are advantages to blinding."

June 24: ACT UP meets with Bristol-Myers in New York, manufacturers of ddI. It's the first time a pharmaceutical company ever met with members of an affected community before conducting broad clinical trials.

Bristol-Myers is nervous and won't commit itself to distributing ddI on a parallel track.

June 24: In San Francisco Dr. Fauci publicly endorses the idea of "parallel track" distribution of new AIDS drugs at an HIV conference sponsored by Project Inform.

June 26: FDA approves DHPG for treatment of CMV retinitis. It's the first time a drug has been approved without undergoing controlled clinical trials. Also, FDA grants Treatment IND status to erythropoietin (EPO) for treatment of AZT-related anemia. (As many as half those on AZT get anemia, depleted red blood cells, and require frequent transfusions. EPO raises their red blood count and reduces the frequency of transfusions.)

People with AIDS, HIV and their advocates have fought tirelessly for these victories. The government, as embodied in FDA bureaucrats and NIH scientists, has begun to respond. Yet pharmaceutical companies are reluctant to distribute new drugs widely enough, the insurance companies are refusing to pay for them. By the end of 1989, AIDS advocates must force the pharmaceutical and insurance companies to fall in line with the new epoch of humane drug testing for life-threatening diseases.

June 26: The Centers for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta reports that, by May 31, 97,193 Americans have been reported as having AIDS. 56,468 have died. The US Public Health Service (PHS) estimates between 945,000 and 1,400,000 Americans are HIV-infected. By 1992, according to the PHS, 365,000 Americans will have been reported to have AIDS, and 263,000 will have died.

The government anticipates that 206,532 people now alive will die from AIDS by 1992. *Those deaths are preventable.* Treatments which can prevent many of them exist. *They must be distributed to people who need them.* Treatments for conditions now regarded as untreatable must be developed. No one should rest until such treatments reach the bodies of the people they may save. ▼

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Send calendar items to:

Rick X, Going Out
Box 790

New York, NY 10108

Items must be received by
Monday to be included in the
following week's issue.

(Editor's Note: This calendar is a compendium of anything in the Greater New York area that may be of interest to gay, lesbian and bisexual people. Items are generally not excluded on moral, philosophical, political or aesthetic grounds. However, commercial ventures, especially those with limited appeal or requiring large expenditures, are included at the discretion of the editor.)

Regularly held meetings of organizations will be listed when they are of interest to the public and when details about the programs are submitted. When sending an organizational newsletter, please identify which events should or should not be listed in these pages; otherwise, a private potluck dinner in an apartment may become a public affair. Please provide contact numbers which are suitable for non-members to call.

Finally, for all the mistakes, current and future, regarding places, times, and phone numbers, and for all the lives ruined by such errors, the editor begs forgiveness.)

(NOTE: All phone numbers without area codes are 212.)

MONDAY

J U L Y 1 0

WOMEN ABOUT Billiards Night, this and every Monday; informal social billiards league, four women to a table; at Society Billiards, 10 E 21 St; 7 pm; \$5 for two hours; call for reservation 529-8600; info 874-2104, 201/662-7124

TUESDAY

J U L Y 1 1

NATIONAL LESBIAN AGENDA CONFERENCE NYC Area

Planning Group: "we need lesbian grass roots input; last local meeting prior to the organizing meeting in Portland, Oregon, July 21-23;" suggested topics to be addressed at conference include lesbian legal rights, custody, job security, unity on definitions, visibility, women and AIDS, youth and aging, day care, fair housing, coming out, racism, violence, money issues, establishing a national lesbian organization; planning group meets at the Center, 208 W 13 St; 6 pm; to confirm date and time call 491-5965, 655-8205, 201/428-0834, 718/439-1850, or 914/949-3203

COALITION FOR LESBIAN & GAY RIGHTS Meeting, moved from the usual First Tuesday date (July 4), is tonight at the Center, 208 W 13 St; 8 pm; 627-1398

WEDNESDAY

J U L Y 1 2

WOMEN ABOUT, BROOKLYN LESBIANS TOGETHER and BROOKLYN WOMEN'S MARTIAL ARTS Boat ride and Dance, celebrating the 15th anniversary of Brooklyn Women's Martial Arts; live DJ music; leaves Pier 83 (btwn 42 & 43 St); boarding 6-30 pm, returning 10 pm; \$20 (open to men, women, gay, straight); 718/788-1775

CAREERS SUPPORT GROUP first meeting of a new group for lesbians and gay men seeking to define the work they want in their lives, that they will find most fulfilling, and the work environment in which they want to place themselves; at the Center, 208 W 13 St (will meet every 2nd and 4th Wednesday of the month thru Oct); reservations 216-8593

CELLBLOCK 28 Hot Ash Party, for cigar-smoking men and their admirers; 28 9th Ave (btwn 13th & 14th St); 10 pm; \$10; 733-3144

EAGLE BAR Movie Nite: Parents; 1/2 price drinks from 10-11 pm; free popcorn; movie at 11 pm; 142 11th Ave at 21st St; 691-8451

THURSDAY

J U L Y 1 3

WOMEN ABOUT Camping on Fire Island, through July 17; 353-0073, 201/481-0440

WOMEN'S CAUCUS OF ACT UP presents a **Forum: "AIDS: A Lesbian Issue?"** discussing safer sex, why and what lesbians can do about AIDS, and "offering guidelines for protecting ourselves and our partners;" at the Center, 208 W 13 St; 7-30 pm; modest donation; 533-8888

FRIDAY

J U L Y 1 4

JOHN GLINES presents the opening of **Jane Chamber's "The Quintessential Image,"** about "how being a lesbian may upset your mother but make you famous;" following curtain-raiser, "In Her Own Words," a biography of Jane Chambers by John Glines; open-ended run, at Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St (south of Bleecker, near Sheridan Square); Wed to Fri at 8-30 pm; Sat at 6 & 9 pm; Sun at 4 & 7-30 pm; \$15; tix 869-3530, info 354-8899

SATURDAY

J U L Y 1 5

WOMEN ABOUT Hike to Pine Meadow Lake in Harriman Park, NY; 353-0073, 201/481-0440

BROOKLYN LESBIANS TOGETHER Prospect Park Picnic; meet by Picnic House at 3rd St entrance; BBQ grills provided; bring food, beverages, blankets, etc.; 718/439-7173

WOMEN ABOUT see Twelfth Night, at Shakespeare in the (Central) Park; 353-0073, 201/481-0440

PEOPLE WITH AIDS COALITION Singles' Tea, for PWAs, PWArms, HIV+; 222 W 11 St, 3-5:30 pm; 532-0568

SPECTRUM DISCO presents the **Jungle Party**, with the Jungle Brothers singing "Girl, I'll House You"; 802 64th St, Brooklyn (N train to 8th Ave stop in Bay Ridge); 718/238-8213

SUNDAY

J U L Y 1 6

WOMEN ABOUT Atlantic City Gambling and Beaching Trip; 353-0073, 201/481-0440

11TH INTERNATIONAL LESBIAN AND GAY ASSOCIATION ANNUAL CONFERENCE in Vienna, Austria, through July 22; write Demetrio Boniche, c/o WAY, Ved Ballahoj 4, 2700 Bronshoj, Copenhagen, Denmark

LAVENDER HEIGHTS Potluck and BBQ; the upper Manhattan neighborhood group asks you to "bring something to share"; at Cornerstone Center, 178 Bennett Ave (west of B'way); 6 pm; 567-1688

MONDAY

J U L Y 1 7

CENTER SPORTS goes to **Mets vs. Houston Astros**; 7:35 pm; 620-7310

TUESDAY

J U L Y 1 8

CENTER STAGES goes to **Largely New York**, at the St. James Theater, 8 pm, \$45; 620-7310 (pay CENTER STAGE TICKETS, 208 W 13 St, NY, NY 10011)

WEDNESDAY

J U L Y 1 9

EAGLE BAR Movie Nite: Alien Nation; 1/2 price drinks from 10-11 pm; free popcorn; movie at 11 pm; 142 11th Ave at 21st St; 691-8451

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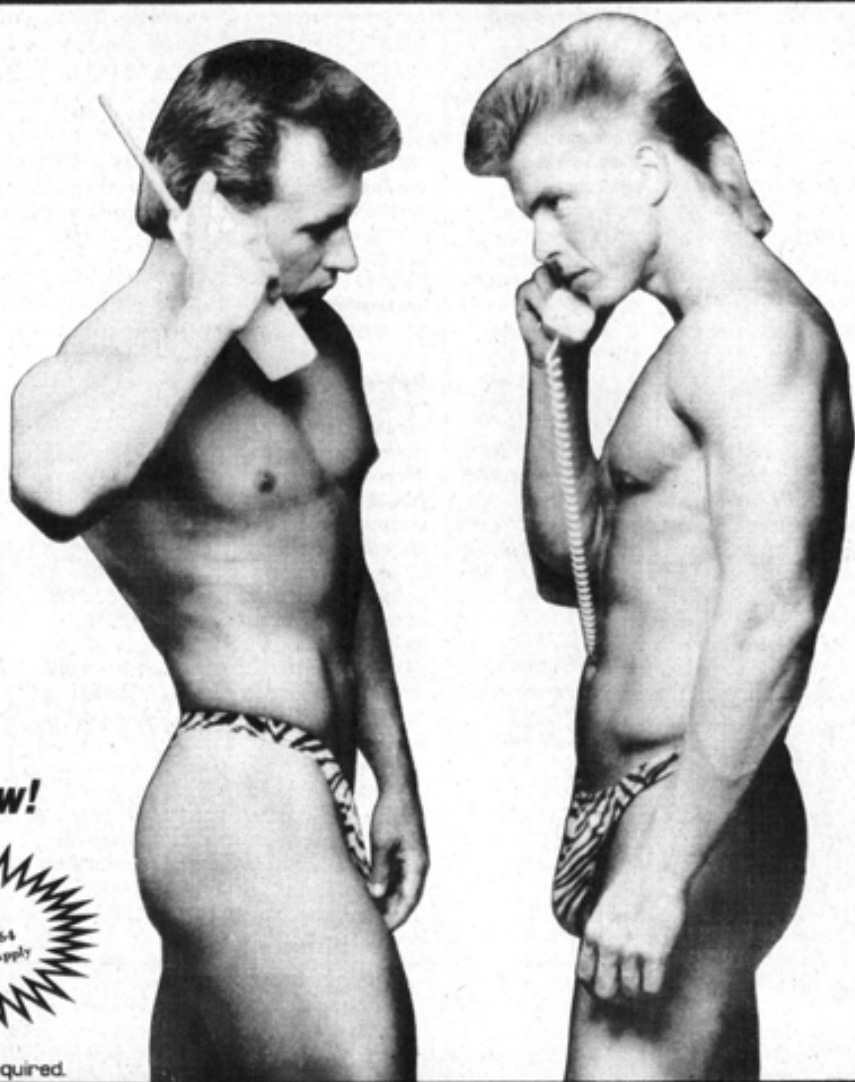
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Need a spanking? Attractive guy, 43, 6', 160 lbs, will put you across his knee, pull down your pants--and underpants--and spank

your bare bottom till you promise to behave. Am into fantasy--not pain. Good with beginners. Box 1316 FDR Sta, NYC 10150. Seek trim guys only.

GWM, 35, 5'10, trim beard, balding. Mature, together, independent. Enjoy GWM workouts, beach, arts, architecture, history. Looking to meet guy 30-45 with similar interests and attributes. P.O. Box 379, NY, NY 10101.

Very affectionate, GWM, 41, 5'9, 170, stache, furry, attractive, seeks smoother guy 30-50 for relationship. You have a great sense of humor, enjoy musical theatre, cabarets, travel, long walks, talks, hugs & kisses. Let's get acquainted. Send letter, phone & photo to: P.O. Box 7116, FDR Sta., NYC 10150-1909.

European businessman, attractive w/m 45, 6'1, 175, commute between Paris-NY often, will host gdlk w/m 23-30, educated, clean-shaven, slim, for civilised stimulating nights of good drinks, food, conversation, (safe) fun. POB 8324, NY 10150-1918.

White male, 38, 5'6, 140, muscular, healthy, discreet, youthful, attr., seeks muscular-beefy man for safe mutual times, big arms a +, prefer men 30-55. Box 783, NYC 10008.

Overzealous dyke, young of year, firm in loin, seeks big haired girl for a nonstop bonanza. Psycho bambis, hungry monsters and dullards

need not even try. *OutWeek Box 1001*

WM, 44, look 30, 5'8", 160, seek black, Hispanic or Asian guy, 20's to 40's for fun times. Let's share affectionate experiences, safe mutual j/o, light s/m scenes or whatever we can improvise. If you're muscular, a plus. No drugs. *OutWeek Box 1002*

Old-fashioned, safe, sensuous & erotic "daddy-enemas," ass-play & more given with TLC. I cater to shy guys & beginners. Also want to share your childhood experiences. Rick, P.O. Box 45, Caldwell, NJ 07006.

LOOK NO FURTHER. GWM, experienced friend and lover seeking same. I'm easy-going, sensitive, romantic, intelligent and witty. 44 years young, 5'7", 142 lbs. Beautiful blue eyes, curly brn hair, moustache. I'm sensual, sexually vers and into safe sex. Interested in perf. arts, film, books, dancing, music. Jogger. People watcher and nature lover. Your ph/photo/letter gets mine, Box 2004, NYC 10009.

GWM 29 br/br healthy, good shape, romantic, many interests seeks younger GM for friend, poss. relatinshp. BDM Box 305 Bkn, 11240. Send letter & phone. All answered.

Are you an animal during sex? Want to be? (I mean literally) Hypnosis might give the

feeling. Let me change you. Letter/photo to D.H. Box 350-148, Brooklyn NY 11235-0003.

After-the-Office: Handsome, healthy, trim, 5'10", 145, 40 Brooks Bros. type living in midtown wishes to meet male exec. for safe sensual fun after the office or at lunchtime. POB 1197 NYC 10156.

Team Coach: do you want to act out your sweaty locker room frat hazing, foot and other fantasies with a hot WM, 33, 6'1", 185, very handsome, masculine, and works out? Then tall guys write to meet for your real explosive action. Bobby, P.O. Box 304, Village Station, NY NY 10014.

Chubby-chasers wtd. by tall, handsome chubby with lots to offer--into all safe scenes--from latins to slaves, wanted photo and pix, P.O. Box 430 NY NY 10018.

Strict discipline sought from someone who knows its value. Spank, strap, paddle, whip, crop or switch my buns to a good red color while I'm tied down crying like a child. GWM 38, 5'1", 183, br/br, good shape. SS, no drugs. Can reciprocate. *OutWeek Box 1003*

Mildly Kinky: GWM, 52, attractive, 5'10", 145, versatile, risk taking, seeks hot sex, fun, relationship, friends, enjoys politics, conversation, walks, movies, much more. P.O. Box 173, NY NY 10023.

Marr/bi/gays: Getting enough/any? Me neither! Masc, ripe, hithy guy s/s ss. M-Th NYC daytim/early pm mutual fun; wkend Hamptons outdoor woods & beach romps. Write your hithy fantasies/needs to Bob, Box 871, SAG Harbor, NY 11963. Cum on, let's go for it!

White male couple early 40's healthy, fit, nonsmokers, looking to expand social circles seek other male couples (age unimportant). We enjoy the theatre, restaurant dining, traveling and, most important, friendship. Please reply to P.O. Box 1636 NY, NY 10185-0014.

Hot, handsome, GWM, 47, 5'9", 155, br/br, moustache, healthy, youthful, smart, masculine, muscular. Seeks attr, bright, health-consc, well-built men for hot safe sex. Send phone & photo to Jim, P.O. Box 20100, NY NY 10017-9992.

Tall, slim, cute GWM, 23, activist, tv personality, writer seeks radical hunk comrade. Interests: films, reading, cable tv and the Pyramid on Sundays. Photo/phone: *OutWeek Box 1006*

Complicated guy wants simple life. Me: 5'8", 130 lbs., blondish, passionate. You: smart, funny, honest. Beard a +. Any race, any temperament. *OutWeek Box 1004*

Female: to spend time going to shows, country, just being friendly, etc. I am 49, 5',

135 lbs. *OutWeek Box 1005*

Fantastic Romantic! Handsome, intellectual and witty man, 34, dark brown hair & eyes (slavic), moustache, 170 lbs., 5'8". Into arts & honesty. Seeking dating relationship with man, 25-42. Open to possibilities. Write P.O. Box 8272, FDR Station, NY NY 10150.

Low mileage GM, 1951, 5'10", 140 lbs., non-smoker/drinker, live outside city, work-NYC. Seeks slowly evolving friendship/lover. Davies, Box 1055, Chelsea Station, NY NY 10011.

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- USE A CONDOM DURING ORAL SEX.** If you don't, avoid placing the head of your partner's cock in your mouth. HIV-infected cum or pre-cum can enter your bloodstream through cuts, tears or ulcers in your mouth.
- USE DENTAL DAMS DURING ORAL-VAGINAL SEX.** HIV is present in some amounts in vaginal secretions, urine, menstrual blood, and infection-related vaginal discharge.
- NEVER SHARE WORKS.** This includes needles, syringes, droppers, spoons, cottons or cookers. If you must reuse works, clean them after each use with bleach, or in an emergency with rubbing alcohol or vodka, by drawing the solution into the needle three times and then drawing clean water into the needle three times.
- AVOID FISTING, RIMMING, OR SHARING UNCLEANNED SEX TOYS.**
- AVOID POPPERS.**
- AVOID EXCESSIVE ALCOHOL OR DRUG USE.** Many people are unable to maintain safer sex practices after getting high.
- DON'T HESITATE TO:** Fuck with a condom, have oral sex with a condom. Play with, but don't share, clean sex toys, vibrators and dildoes. Enjoy massage, hugging, masturbation (alone, with a partner or in a group), and role-playing.

Remember, sex is good, and gay sex is great. Don't avoid sex, just avoid the virus. Learn to eroticize safer sex and you can protect others, remain safe and have fun.

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LIES, CAMERA, ACTION! continued from page 45

one's ever asked him: "Like why do you videotape women talking about sex?" This was a question I'd been asking for most of the movie. I'm not sure Soderbergh's Graham answers that question effectively, but at least Ann does. In its final 15 minutes, the movie brilliantly intercuts film and videotape. I've seen this done many times, but never as well as it's done here.

Some lies are prettier than others. Graham hides behind his video equipment, while Ann's lies are contained in her "nice girl" image. Ann calls her sister "loud," when it's obvious she thinks of her sister as an overbearing whore. Ann's lie, that sex is overrated, is a passive lie, a socially acceptable lie: she's convinced herself she hates sex. It's a dysfunctional response to her sexually voracious sister.

As an audience we're never allowed to come to simple or self-righteous conclusions about who these people are—or about who we are in relation to these characters. No one is easily let off of Soderbergh's directorial hook—not his characters, not the audience, not this reviewer. I wish almost every female character I've seen in recent movies was allowed by the script to grab the camera, literally or metaphorically, and ask some man—again, either the director of the film or another character in the film—"Like why do you film women talking about sex, or anything at all for that matter?" This new director's realism—and his feminism—are refreshing and surprising.

For a director whose first word of his first feature is "sex," Soderbergh's style is streamlined, direct and unpretentious. He and Deborah Aquila's flawless casting create a kind of realism that thankfully doesn't scream *realism*. The movie bristles with an awkwardness that only the best actors could make you believe. The actors' experience feels improvised. When Ann and Graham found each other at the end of the film, I *didn't* feel I was in a movie theater seeing the two romantic leads finally joined; I felt that I had seen two *real* people struggle for some hesitant start at communication. The film earns its emotional effectiveness.

Like most gays and lesbians, the two sisters in the film have not taken any vows. Cynthia, Ann's sister, justifies her affair with her sister's husband by saying, "I didn't take a vow in front of God and everyone to be faithful to Ann." Without the sanction of anything as concrete as a wedding vow, our ties and our truths have to be all the more protected—by us. Society sets up a number of lies we choose to believe: Men do the filming and the looking; women don't love sex, they love love; we're not married, so it doesn't matter how we treat each other. *Sex, lies, and videotape* tells us to take emotional responsibility for whomever we choose to love, whether we do or whether we don't promise fidelity in front of "God and everyone."

In the world of this film, where men and women use sex as vengeance, and where men collect women's sexual histories like so many compact discs, it's no wonder that our heroine and hero start out frigid and impotent. The point of the film is that while there may be safer sex, there can never be safer lies. ▼

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think one of the reasons that straight publishers don't want to publish gay writing is because they don't want to know how they look from the outside.

SP: I think you made that observation in the introduction to *Macbo Sluts*. I'm interested in what you are doing in the book, because it is a work of fiction where every one of the stories is strongly imbued with a political force, a question, a jab.

PC: Well, that's good to know. It was certainly my intention when I wrote the book to get people to jack off, it's obviously pornography, but I wanted to do that without insulting their intelligence. My hope was that the best stories would disturb people as much as they turned them on.

SP: Particularly, "The Surprise Party."

PC: It was really a struggle for me to decide whether or not to publish that story. And I am aware that that story and "The Finishing School" are probably the two most disturbing in the book. One of the reasons I decided to put "The Surprise Party" in was because over the years I have had dozens of partners who were dykes who had heterosexual fantasies or who had rape fantasies. If you want to feed those fantasies, which I think women are entitled to because we don't have enough pleasure in our lives and if that's the way we deal with the outside world or if that is just what comes up for us when we want to get off, then I think that's our business, the places you wind up going to feed them are very demeaning to you as a lesbian. They are insulting and can make you feel very ambivalent about yourself. It was my agenda to write some straight porn for dykes that would rattle some cages but still be very clearly from a loving place and a place that was respectful of our being. It's almost like lesbian porn that's written for straight men, it was intended to be straight porn for lesbians. I don't think a lot of people will see that, or even think that's a viable category, but that's what it was trying to do.

SP: A recent article in the Lambda Book Report spoke about the "safe sex" requirements Alyson Publications had you follow for the depiction of sex acts in *Macbo Sluts*. It raised the interesting point that while they were clear about not wanting any penetration by penises without condoms, there is in fact unsafe lesbian sex in the book. The real problem there, obviously, is the complete oversight. You know, dykes go down on each other, they snack pussy, but that's not really sex. How can they be so oblivious?

PC: Writers often wind up making really bad bargains with their publishers. I hate the Alyson policy that they censor what they define as unsafe sex. I have had numerous

Pornography does not cause AIDS any more than it causes rape.

arguments about this with Sasha Alyson. It happens to be his particular feeling that AIDS is not a threat to lesbians. I think that's baloney and that's why I insisted on including a note in the book that's about safer sex for lesbians. And I also have very strong feelings about the fact that pornography does not cause AIDS, anymore than it causes rape. I think it's a real shame if we have to give up writing about things in addition to doing them. When I have sex, I put on rubber gloves. I do all the stuff that you are supposed to do, but I will not stop writing about it. These stories are for fantasy stimulation, they are for fantasy gratification, and I am really clear that I am going to keep on pushing that limit as far as my publisher will let me.

SP: Do you think there is something more behind such prohibitions? Something more than, "We are teaching safe sex"? Is there not something of the need to appear as good boys and girls? A little as if literature has at this point become a form of testament

to one's adherence, or lack thereof, to social proscription?

PC: There has always been this trend in the gay community that being gay or lesbian is not about sex. We can't emphasize sex because straight people think that we are obsessed with it. I think that gay literature is in real danger of being castrated by AIDS and so are gay politics. The people are willing to give up their genitals in some superstitious hope that it will delay or keep away death. It's really sad to me because gay men were so much a part of my support system for coming out into S/M or for daring to explore group sex, public sex, to explore how I felt about open relationships. And I found so much comfort in their joy as a community in just going out seeing how much they could get away with. I do think that people feel guilty. I think there would have probably been a backlash against what was going on in the late 70s, even if a disease had not come along, because we are raised in a puritanical culture. But when you get that backlash and it's

combined with a fatal disease, it's a real mother fucker. It's brought people to their knees. We now have a new generation of gay men coming out who don't remember what that sexually free culture was like and they are not hearing from the people who are still alive, the survivors of AIDS, enough about what made it valuable or about why people did it. It has been demonized. It's being talked about as if it were a time when nothing positive happened. If that were true, all of those bathhouses wouldn't have been so crowded. Let's be honest here, people were having a really good time.

SP: On the front of the lesbian sex revolution that's going on...

PC: That I'm still waiting for!

SP: Well, it's not going on at my casa. What do you think, though? Apparently, it's fashionable to be a dyke, dykes are hot, dykes are rocking out, dykes are controlling your TV.

PC: When I came out in 1971 if I had wanted to go to a women's

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bookstore and buy a lesbian sex manual, there wouldn't have been any such animal. In terms of there being some written resources, things have improved. Let's just hope that we can keep the stuff in print. I want to point out, though, that the majority of women's bookstores are still censoring nonfiction and fiction material written by lesbians about sex. Our self-appointed leaders are still taking it upon themselves to try to keep this information away from the rest of us. But, I think there has been some change. I think lesbians are more comfortable talking about sex. It's not as acceptable as it used to be, to be in a relationship where you're not "getting any." People recognize it as more valid now if you want to leave a relationship where you're not getting what you want physically. And there is a little more tolerance for your fantasies, but I think one of the sad things is the polarization between S/M dykes and other lesbians. It would be really nice if some of the explicitness and some of the negotiation that I have found in the leather community could spread. We have a lot of women who come to S/M support groups who aren't into S/M, but they are looking for some place where they can talk about sex. I think we have to remember that traditionally women are supposed to be the ones controlling sexuality and that doesn't necessarily change because you come out as a lesbian. There are different reasons for wanting to be queer. Some women are lesbians because they are sexual and they have to follow that desire even if it's for something as socially unacceptable as getting naked with other women. And, I firmly believe, there are women who become lesbians because they have no desire, or little desire, to get naked. Often they are extremely conservative and uncomfortable, partly because we threaten their right to be in this safe haven from the sexual tempest they fear. ▼

PRIDE '89 continued from page 10

New Age, holistic techniques.

The babes from the Cubbyhole carried placards featuring portraits of Sandra Bernhard and Madonna, with the logo "Bad Girls Rule." And yes, they do.

A distinguished panel of parade judges held court in front of the Public Library, bravely holding forth in the face of sunstroke, sequin-blindness and an over-amplified parade announcer. Several hundred spectators packed a grandstand in the immediate area and thrilled to the sight of Dignity's multi-colored Spirit of Liberation (a winged image of peace and love); cheered the Radical Faeries (their wings sparkling in the afternoon sunshine); and nearly leapt upon a pickup-truck load of leathermen, including Mr. International Leather, Gary Baldwin (no wings—no matter).

At 39th Street, Mayor Koch, in the briefest of parade appearances, met the press and felt the heat from marchers who gathered around him to chant, "Dump Koch. Dump Koch." As several drag queens approached, the Mayor's security men became tense, the veins popping in their necks. "Please," they hissed at a large young man in a small black dress, "please. Stay back. Give us a break." Give us all a break.

Mayoral candidate David Dinkins, resplendent in a white safari jacket and purple shirt, was greeted more warmly by the crowd. Perhaps for the reason he marched from the beginning. Perhaps for many more reasons than that.

Entering Chelsea, the line of marchers was greeted by more receptive crowds, and cheers from parties on terraces and rooftops. Rainbow flags flew from streetlights all along Fifth Avenue and pink triangle-shaped confetti floated down in the bright sunlight on the massive party that now, at 2:30, jammed Fifth Avenue from Washington Square to the Plaza Hotel. Then, the parade halted and the salsa music stopped. Everyone stood still, raising their fists and clasped hands into the air. Nearly two hundred thousand breathed as one, in remembrance of

those who have died from AIDS; there was no sound. The air was as empty as the Honorary Grand Marshall's convertible, left vacant by the death of Edward Francis Murphy, known as the "Original Stonewaller," who passed away on February 28, 1989. Slowly one balloon drifted skyward. Then the crowd cheered as thousands more balloons were released. "We Remember" read the banner stretched between the pillars of the Public Library. And we do.

Entering the heart of Greenwich Village, across Christopher Street and into Stonewall Place, the marchers were received as conquering heroes by crowds jamming the narrow streets. Perhaps the loudest ovations were reserved for Rollerena, New York's own fairy godmother, the Team New York Gay Games Athletes and the appearance of the New York City Gay Men's Chorus. Eager correspondents lined up at the U.S. Postal Service mobile van in Sheridan Square to have their stamps cancelled. Designed by Keith Haring, this marks the first-ever cancellation to openly refer to the lesbian and gay community, something which has driven some members of Congress wild (see story, p. 18). The march spilled out onto West Street and onto the pier where Dance III, presented by Heritage of Pride and the Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center, exploded in energy, lights and sound. The day ended with a stunning display of fireworks over the Hudson. And if you've never seen fireworks with a mob of gay people—who all oohed and aahed in unison—you've never seen fireworks.

Walking home on a vacant sidestreets, my lover and I passed below a terrace from which floated big band music. We gleefully ballroom-danced, feeling the full spirit of Gay Pride and freedom breathing in us. Joan Nestle's voice, from her rally speech the previous day (see p. 28), floated around in my head. Then a voice from above shouted "Dip!" Then again, "Dip!" "Are you ready?" Basil asked me, mischief twinkling in his eyes. I was. "Dip him!" they yelled. And yes, he did. ▼

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RIOT continued from page 9

Monday, an anonymous ranking officer said, "We were told to avoid any confrontation and arrests." Julia Thompson denied issuing such an order in the same article. "I asked my officers to show restraint and only to make arrests if they observed property damage or personal injuries," the *Post* reported her saying. Thompson did not return any of *OutWeek's* phone calls.

While on West Street the band blocked traffic for about ten minutes. Although police quickly interceded and restored traffic flow, they did not attempt to either protect the demonstrators from oncoming traffic, arrest them, or move them out of the way. Several narrowly escaped injury when a tour bus forced its way through the impromptu roadblock that had been set up. And some motorists were angered by the delays they encountered. "These are a bunch of fucking sick bastards. This is how they demonstrate? What about my right to go where I'm going?" shouted one driver from New Jersey who refused to give his name.

It was apparently other angry motorists that precipitated the evening's most serious violence. In two separate incidents, cars allegedly sped through lines of demonstrators. The first injuries occurred on West 10th Street near Julius, a gay bar, after the mob had returned from West Street. "He tried to run us over," said a tearful Ralph del Valle, who said he had been hit and sprained his ankle. "Then he backed up and tried to run us over again."

An angry mob chased the car through the streets of the Village, as it sped around other cars and up onto sidewalks, ignoring orders from the police to pull over. The crowd caught up to the car, a red Chevy Cavalier, license XXF 461, from New York, on Christopher Street in front of the Lucille Lortel Theater. As police removed the driver and four passengers and shoved them through a side door at the theater to protect them from the crowd, people in the mob surrounded the car and began smashing the windows and lights, using a police barricade as a battering ram.

Others pulled off the hood and kicked in the sides, before the police could move them away from the car.

"They all had their middle fingers up. They thought they could get away from us, but they don't know our territory," said Sean Ortiz, an 18-year-old high school student from Forest Hills.

Police later removed the five from the theater, and shoved them into a waiting police van, along with del Valle and Baló Williams, who said he also had been hit. Del Valle and Williams were later taken to Saint Vincent's Hospital, treated, and released, according to a police department spokesperson, who said that another injured demonstrator, Mark Sobol, had also been hospitalized and discharged.

On Grove Street near the Monster, a gay bar and disco across from Christopher Park, another car drove into a group of demonstrators which had broken off from the larger crowd, injuring at least three. One man was taken to Saint Vincent's Hospital in an ambulance. According to Catherine Saalfeld, a passenger had previously gotten out of the car and shouted homophobic remarks, and was involved in several confrontations. Her story was confirmed by several other witnesses.

"Get the gun, get the gun," Saalfeld said he shouted to his passengers. "He was just going crazy," added Jill Harris, a legal aid attorney present at the scene. "He was picking fights with whatever gay person he could find, and being restrained by his friends."

The man was forced back into his car by plainclothes police officers. The police and demonstrators then made a path for cars to turn from Grove Street left on to West 4th, according to Saalfeld and others. Three other cars did so. But the car whose passenger was involved in the confrontation allegedly drove into the demonstrators instead. "People hit the hood of the car as it drove by. One flew into the hood of a parked car [and] fell onto the ground. [He] was holding his head. There was blood all over the place," Saalfeld said.

The car, a gray Cutlass, license number KEM 251, from New York,

Murders on the Piers

According to Detective William Glynn of the Sixth Precinct, two Black men were shot and killed on the Morton Street pier some time before 2:15 a.m. on Friday, June 23rd. The murders are not being investigated as bias-related incidents, according to both Glynn and Julia Thompson, commanding officer of the Sixth Precinct.

Sergeant Carl Vittell of the police department's Bias Incident Investigation Unit told *OutWeek* that the decision to report a crime as a bias-related incident is made by the precinct commander or the area captain involved. "I made inquiries and was informed that there was no indication of a bias-related incident," Vittell said.

Glynn, who said he was in on the decision, said, "nothing indicates that it was a bias-related incident," but neither he, Vittell, or Sixth Precinct Community Affairs Officer Billy McLoughlin would discuss what the criteria for determining a bias-related crime are. Thompson did not return numerous phone calls from *OutWeek*.

David Wertheimer, executive director of the Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project, said, "It was my impression that the police response to the homicides was aggressive. They were fully aware of the implications of a double homicide occurring virtually at the doorstep of the gay community on the eve of gay pride weekend. The police department was in high gear on this case on Friday morning." Wertheimer said he had spoken to all of the detectives, and the commanding officers, working on the case.

"We are not yet satisfied that this was not bias-related, but we have nothing to confirm that it was," Wertheimer continued. "I think the police department needs to look very carefully at how all homicides are or are not classified as bias-related."

There have been no arrests in the case thus far. — Andrew Miller

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sped away down West 4th Street, but was eventually overtaken by police and demonstrators. The driver, Peter Zocco of Brooklyn, was arrested, charged with leaving the scene of an accident, given a desk appearance ticket, and released, according to Sergeant Joseph Gallagher, a police department spokesperson. A desk appearance ticket (DAT) is normally issued for misdemeanors.

Katie Doran, the Manhattan District Attorney's Office's liaison to the lesbian and gay community said, "We're looking into what happened, and interviewing victims, police officers and witnesses. I've heard so many stories at this point that I'm not sure how many arrests were made, or what the charges were," Doran said, adding that she could not comment further because of the ongoing investigation.

Some time later, the police blocked off Seventh Avenue below 14th Street, and some people sat in the intersection near Christopher Park until after 2 a.m. By midnight the mood of the crowd had once again become mellow and celebratory, although the glass from the smashed car's windows still glittered along Christopher Street. Much of the crowd seemed unwilling to end the night, and the Radical Faeries led cheers of "sodomize tonight." At one point, everyone in the intersection joined hands above their heads and sang, "Somewhere Over the Rainbow," as they swayed gently back and forth, and then began dancing to "Ding Dong the Witch is Dead."

David Dinkins arrived after midnight to demonstrate his concern over the situation.

While some expressed exhilaration or pride about the evening's spontaneous show of force, others

were more circumspect. Gerri Wells said she was concerned about the possibility of outside agitation, particularly by governmental agents. She cited as an example that at a supposedly spontaneous outpouring of anger, there were several American flags on hand, ready to be burned.

A group of anarchist skin heads who had joined the Radical Faeries from Tompkins Square Park in the East Village, were a major presence in the evening's events. Many in the group of self-identified anarchists purposefully tried to provoke the police,



BURNIN' THE USA
Great balls of fire outside the 6th Precinct.

and even some of the gay men and lesbians in the area. "This isn't even our issue, man," one woman shouted at a group of gay bystanders.

"The only change that was brought about was that people got hurt. It just didn't feel right," Wells said.

But Michael Nesline said, "The anger that people were expressing was very real. We can expect to see more expressions of that outrage."

David Wertheimer, executive director of the Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project, told *OutWeek*, "The implications of Saturday's riot concern me enormously, and could be a setback for gay community-police

relations. When you target the police for a demo, you need a reason, and I'm not clear that the police were an appropriate target," Wertheimer said. "I think the police showed remarkable restraint, given the circumstances," he added.

But Neil Broome complained about the response of the police, both in failing to protect the gay and lesbian demonstrators, and in dealing with the many tense situations. "Julia Thompson needs to learn how to articulate issues and respond to situations better," Broome said. "When people talked about discrimination by the police, she claimed that there is not discrimination. You don't make blanket statements like that. It only angered people more when she got on the megaphone and said that," he continued.

And Jill Harris said she was outraged at the charges pressed against Zocco. "What I witnessed was a serious vehicular assault, which is a serious felony. The prosecutor could have at least charged him with a misdemeanor assault," she charged.

According to Doran in the DA's office, the DAT is returnable on July 14th, at which time "we will have reached a decision about whether to bring further charges."

Well after midnight, and after the police had blocked off the Village to traffic, a police captain at 14th Street and 7th Avenue was asked by a motorist why he could not drive through. "You've got to avoid Christopher Street, Sheridan Square, that whole area," the captain replied. "A bunch of homosexuals blocked off... oh, don't ask." ▼

Mark Chesnut and Phil Zwickler also contributed to this story.

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Pop Shots

Photos by Erich Conrad



KEEPING CURRENT

Mars director Rudolph and friend at the opening of Love Machine



WHITE GIRL, SATURDAY NIGHT

Wigstock empress The Lady Bunny in a vacant lot



THE PETE ROSE OF DOWNTOWN?

Super-jock Michael Alig at Love Machine



WIDE EYED AND PONY TAILED

Fashion person John Badum at Club Lafayette



ATLANTA RULES

LaHoma (I.) and Larry T at the opening of Larry's Love Machine



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Pachyderm James St James (I.) with Stephen Saban at Love Machine

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EXPOSED

Photographer Marcus Leatherdale
at Club Lafayette



THE BLEACH LEADING THE BLOND
Julie Jules and Kat at Love Machine



BUT NOT NECESSARILY A ROLE MODEL
*Albert Crudo (l.) and Michael Musto
at Love Machine*



FUTURE GAME SHOW HOST?
Tom Eubanks at gay pride



ONE LUMP OR TWO?
Stacy Karis at Club Lafayette

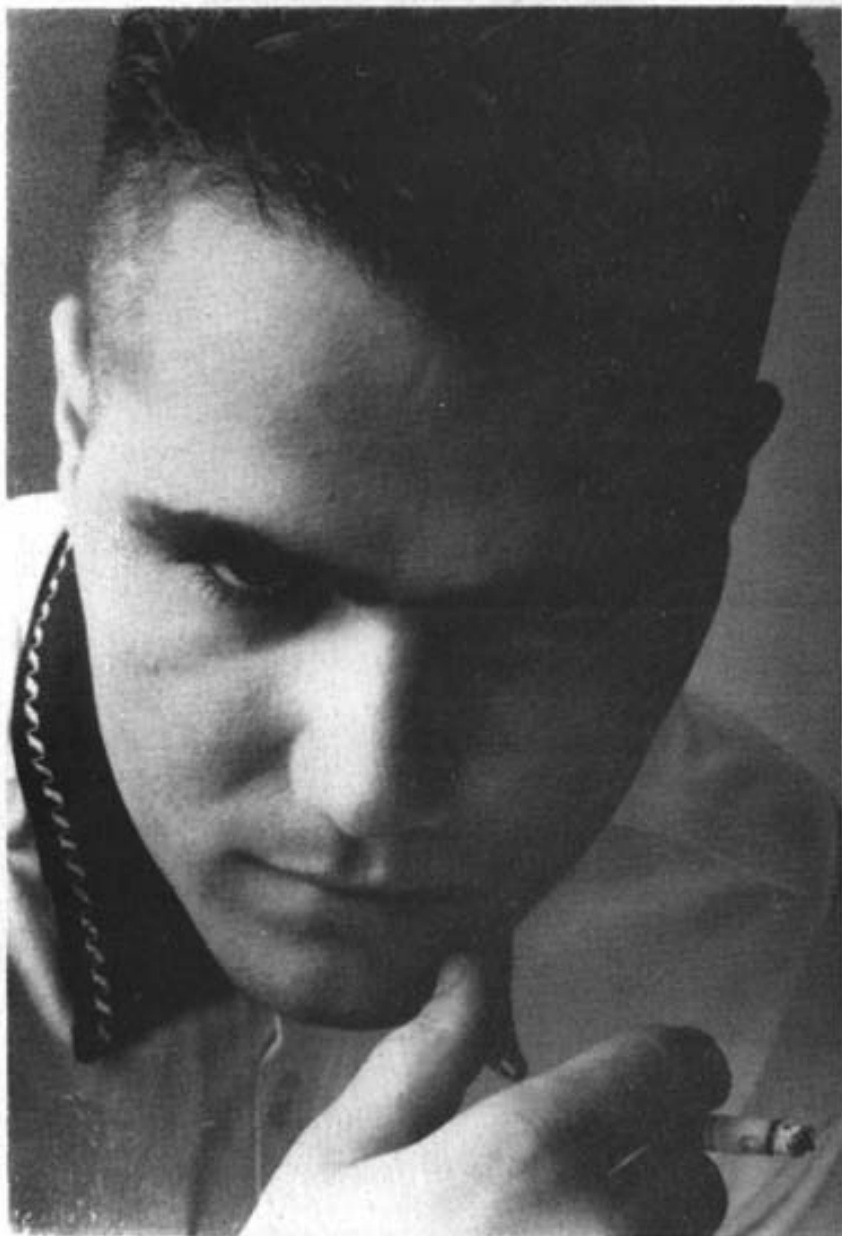


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arrived in New York from Philadelphia in the fall of 81. Since then he's been designing clothes for the likes of Madonna, actress Debbie M, Racquel Welch, Book of Love and Joanna Demme. Costello, whose favorite designers are Mary Quant and Andre Couregges, and who once refused to dance with Prince Albert of Monaco, is currently

working on his latest collection. When asked about his ultimate goal, he replied "To buy my home town and burn it down." Funny, we thought Mayor Goode already did that. Jeffrey Costello is available at Lilla Love, and Reckless in NYC, and Rope in Philadelphia.

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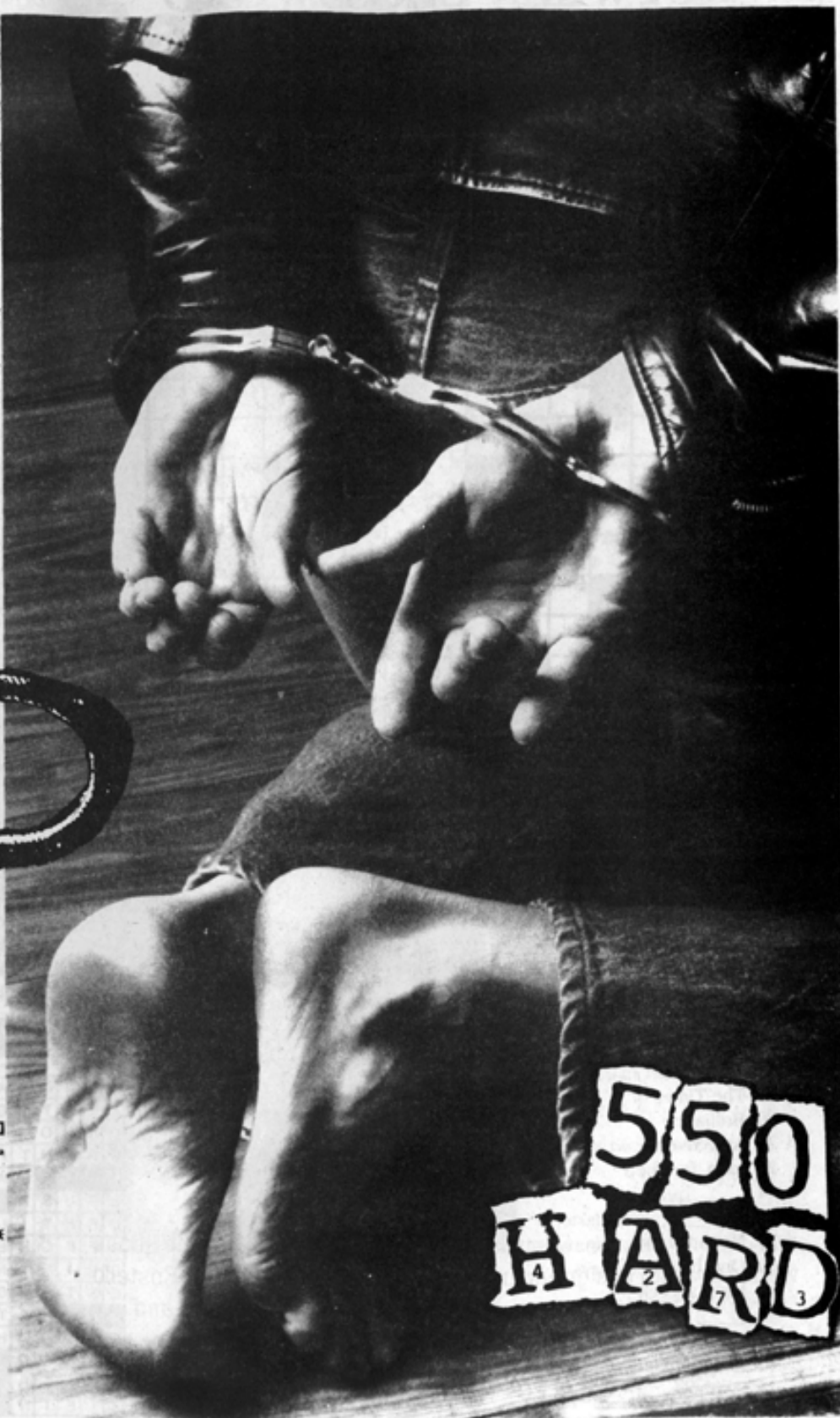
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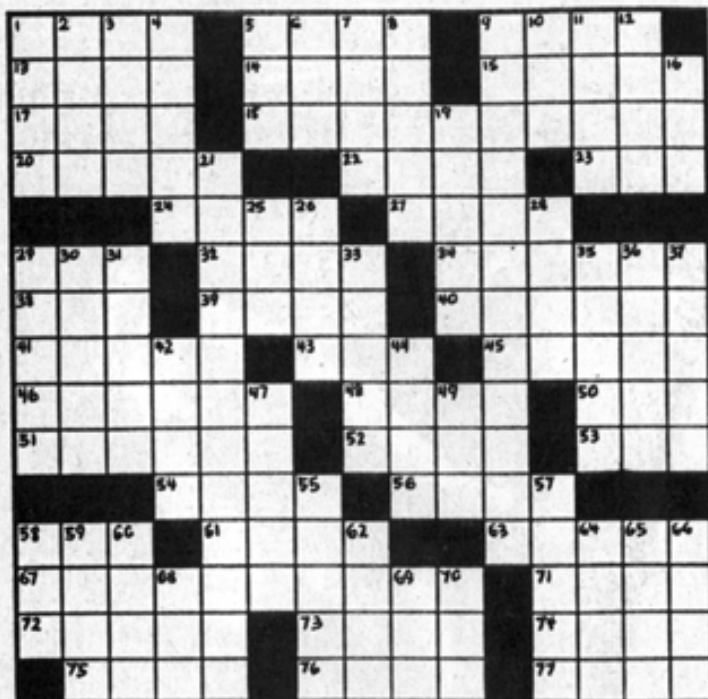


550
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OUTWEEK CROSSWORD

by Phil Greco

Edited by Gabriel Rotello



DOWN

1. Dress _____
2. Oil cartel
3. Word with block
4. Mold
5. Sound of disgust
6. Palm leaf
7. Man's name
8. Gay bar
9. June event
10. Limb
11. _____ Redding
12. Lively song
16. Piece out
19. Act
21. Divine et al.
25. Expert
26. Shine
28. Wallflower
29. Quentin _____
30. Nearby
31. _____ Gay
33. Monads
35. _____ B. Toklas
36. Design
37. German city
42. _____ Talbot
44. _____ Girl
47. Bone cavities
49. Aeon
55. Relatives
57. The _____ Circle
58. _____ carte
59. "The _____ of Times"
60. Verb suffix
62. Erin
64. Place, to Georges
65. Algerian port
66. Torch _____ Trilogy
68. Plant sci.
69. View
70. Club _____

SOLUTION IN NEXT WEEK'S OUTWEEK ON SALE TUESDAY

ACROSS

1. Rooster
5. _____ Raton
9. Jail, to Wilde
13. Receptive
14. Actor Bates
15. _____ Shaw
17. Proofreader mark
18. The Times of _____
20. Brilliancy
22. Adjective for wrist
23. Joan, for short
24. _____ queen
27. "My _____ and Master"
29. Noun forming diminutive
32. Org. helpful to gays
34. Long speech
38. _____ Darling
39. Gas
40. Roman magistrates
41. Symbols

43. Raillery
45. Sagas
46. Oral lubricant
48. Melt
50. IA college
51. Typewriter part
52. Gay sr. org.
53. sea eagle
54. Thin Man dog
56. _____ Wolf
58. _____ Vigoda
61. Loyal
63. Kilograms, for short
67. Women in love?
71. Robert De _____
72. Necktie
73. Bartender at 57 Down.
74. Scot.: tone
75. Head, to albin
76. Semen
77. Well _____

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